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THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU

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Mountains and valleys and rivers are in league with the sun and summer--and, for that matter, with winter too--to do their best in the Bavarian Highlands. Lofty ranges, ever green at base, ever white at top, are there tied with luminous bands of meadow into knots and loops, and knots and loops again, tightening and loosening, opening and shutting in labyrinths, of which only rivers know the secret and no man can speak the charm. Villages which find place in lands like these take rank and relation at once with the divine organic architecture already builded; seem to become a part of Nature; appear to have existed as long as the hills or the streams, and to have the same surety of continuance. How much this natural correlation may have had to do with the long, unchanging simplicities of peoples born and bred in these mountain haunts, it would be worth while to analyze. Certain it is that in all peasantry of the hill countries in Europe, there are to be seen traits of countenance and demeanor,--peculiarities of body, habits, customs, and beliefs which are indigenous and lasting, like plants and rocks. Mere lapse of time hardly touches them; they have defied many centuries; only now in the mad restlessness of progress of this the nineteenth do they begin to falter. But they have excuse when Alps have come to be tunnelled and glaciers are melted and measured.

Best known of all the villages that have had the good fortune to be born in the Bavarian Highlands is Oberammergau, the town of the famous Passion Play. But for the Passion Play the great world had never found Oberammergau out, perhaps; yet it might well be sought for itself. It lies 2,600 feet above the sea, at the head of a long stretch of meadow lands, which the River Ammer keeps green for half the year,--at the head of these, and in the gateway of one of the most beautiful walled valleys of the Alps. The Ammer is at once its friend and foe; in summer a friend, but malicious in spring, rising suddenly after great rains or thaws, and filling the valley with a swift sea, by which everything is in danger of being swept away. In 1769 it tore through the village with a flood like a tidal wave, and left only twelve houses standing.

High up on one of the mountain-sides, northeast of the village, is a tiny spot of greensward, near the course of one of the mountain torrents which swell the Ammer. This green spot is the Oberammergauers' safety-gauge. So long as that is green and clear the valley will not be flooded; as soon as the water is seen shining over that spot it is certain that floods will be on in less than an hour, and the whole village is astir to forestall the danger. The high peaks, also, which stand on either side the town, are friend and foe alternately. White

with snow till July, they keep stores of a grateful coolness for summer heats; but in winter the sun cannot climb above them till nine o'clock, and is lost in their fastnesses again at one. Terrible hail-storms sometimes whirl down from their summits. On the 10th of May, 1774, there were three of these hail-storms in one day, which killed every green blade and leaf in the fields. One month later, just as vegetation had fairly started again, came another avalanche of hail, and killed everything a second time. On the 13th of June, 1771, snow lay so deep that men drove in sledges through the valley. This was a year never to be forgotten. In 1744 there was a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, in which the electric fire shot down like javelins into the town, set a score of houses on fire, and destroyed the church. One had need of goodly devotion to keep a composed mind and contented spirit in a dwelling-place surrounded by such dangers. The very elements, however, it seems, are becoming tamed by the inroads of civilization; for it is more than fifty years since Oberammergau has seen such hail or such lightning.

The village is, like all Tyrolean villages, built without apparent plan,—no two houses on a line, no two streets at right angles, everybody's house slanting across or against somebody else's house, the confusion really attaining the dignity of a fine art. If a child were to set out a toy village on the floor, decide hastily to put it back in its box, sweep it all together between his two hands, then change his mind, and let the houses remain exactly as they had fallen, with no change except to set them right side up, I think it would make a good map of Oberammergau. The houses are low, white-plastered, or else left of the natural color of the wood, which, as it grows old, is of a rich dark brown. The roofs project far over the eaves, and are held down by rows of heavy stones to keep them from blowing off in wind-storms. Tiny open-work balconies are twined in and out capriciously, sometimes filled with gay flowers, sometimes with hay and dried herbs, sometimes with the firewood for winter. Oberammergau knows in such matters no law but each man's pleasure. It is at each man's pleasure, also, where he will keep his manure-heap; and usually he elects to keep it close to the street, joining his barn or his house, or his neighbor's barn or house, at convenience. Except that there are many small sluices and rivulets and canals of spring water wandering about the village to carry off the liquidation, this would be intolerable, and surely would create pestilences. As it is, the odors are abominable, and are a perpetual drawback to the delight one would otherwise take in the picturesque little place.

There are many minute gardens and bits of orchard of all possible shapes,—as many and as many-sided as the figures in the first pages of Euclid. I saw one, certainly not containing more than eight square feet, which was seven-sided, fenced and joined to two houses. Purple phlox, dahlias, and lilacs are the favorite out-door flowers. Of these there were clumps and beds which might have been transported from New

England. In the balconies and window-sills were scarlet geranium, white alyssum, and pansies.

The most striking natural feature of Oberammergau is the great mountain-peak to the southwest, called the Kofel. This is a bare, rocky peak of singularly bold contour. On its summit is set a large cross, which stands out always against the sky with a clearness almost solemn. The people regard this Kofel as the guardian angel of their village; and it is said that the reply was once made to persons who were urging the Passion Play actors to perform their play in England or America,--

"We would do so if it were possible; but to do that, it would be needful to take the entire village and our guardian spirit, the Kofel."

I arrived in Oberammergau on a Wednesday, and counted on finding myself much welcomed, three days in advance of the day of the play. Never was a greater mistake. A country cousin coming uninvited to make a visit in the middle of a busy housewife's spring house-cleaning would be as welcome. As I drove into the village the expression of things gave me alarm. Every fence, post, roof, bush, had sheets, pillow-cases, or towels drying on it; the porches and grass-plots were strewn with pillows and mattresses; a general fumigation and purification of a quarantined town could not have produced a greater look of being turned wrong side out. This is what the cleanly Oberammergau women do every week during the Passion Play season. It takes all the time intervening between the weekly representations of the play to make ready their bedrooms and beds.

I was destined to greater alarms and surprises, however. The Frau Rutz, to whom I had written for lodgings, and to whose house I drove all confident, had never heard of my name. It became instantaneously apparent to me that I probably represented to her mind perhaps the eleven hundred and thirty-seventh person who had stopped at her door with the same expectation. Half of her house was being re-roofed, "to be done by Sunday;" all her bed-linen was damp in baskets in the kitchen; and she and her sister were even then ironing for dear life to be done in time to begin baking and brewing on the next day. Evidently taking time by the forelock was a good way to come to a dead-lock in Oberammergau. To house after house I drove,--to Frau Zwink's bird-cage, perched on the brink of a narrow canal, and half over it, it seemed. Just before me stood a post-carriage, at Frau Zwink's door; and as I stepped out two English ladies with bags, bundles, and umbrellas disappeared within Frau Zwink's door, having secured the only two available perches in the cage. The Frau came running with urgent solicitations that I should examine a closet she had, which she thought might answer.

"Oh, is she the lady of the house, and she barefoot?" exclaimed my Danish maid, aghast at the spectacle. Yet I afterwards heard that the Frau Zwink's was one of the notably comfortable lodging-places in the town. In another house were shown to us two small dark rooms, to reach which one must climb a ladder out of the common living-room of the family. From house after house came the response, "No rooms; all promised for Saturday." At intervals I drove back to Frau Rutz's for further suggestions. At last she became gradually impressed with a sense of responsibility for our fortunes; and the mystery of her knowing nothing about my letter was cleared up. Her nephew had charge of the correspondence; she never saw the letters; he had not yet had time to answer one half of the letters he had received. Most probably my letter might be in his pocket now. Friendship grew up between my heart and the heart of the Frau Rutz as we talked. Who shall fathom or sound these bonds which create themselves so quickly with one, so slowly with another? She was an Oberammergau peasant, who knew no word of my tongue; I a woman of another race, life, plane, who could not speak one word she could comprehend, and our interpreter was only a servant; but I think I do not exaggerate when I say that the Frau and I became friends. I know I am hers; and I think if I were in Oberammergau in need, I should find that she was mine.

By some unexplained accident (if there be such things) the best room in all Oberammergau was still left free,--a great sunny room, with a south window and east windows, a white porcelain stove, an old-fashioned spinnet, a glass-doored corner-cupboard full of trinkets, old-fashioned looking-glasses, tables, and two good beds; and of this I took possession in incredulous haste. It was in the house of George Lang, merchant, the richest man in the town. The history of the family of which he is now the leading representative is identified with the fortunes of Oberammergau for a century past. It is an odd thing that this little village should have had its line of merchant princes,--a line dating back a hundred years, marked by the same curious points of heredity as that of the Vanderbilts or Astors in America, and the Rothschilds in Europe; men as shrewd, sharp, foreseeing, fore-planning, and executive in their smaller way, and perhaps as arbitrary in their monopolies, as some of our millionnaires.

In 1765 there lived in the service of the monastery at Ettal a man named Joseph Lang. He was a trusted man, a sort of steward and general supervisor. When the monastery was suppressed, Joseph Lang's occupation was gone. He was a handy man, both with tools and with colors, and wandering down to Oberammergau, halted for a little to see if he could work himself in with the industry already established there of toy-making. At first he made simply frames, and of the plainest sort; soon--perhaps from a reverent bias for still ministering to the glory of the church, but probably quite as much from his trader's perception of the value of an assured market--he

began to paint wooden figures of saints, apostles, Holy Virgins, and Christs. These figures at first he imported from the Tyrol, painted them, and sent them back there to be sold. Before long he had a large majority of the Oberammergau villagers working under his direction as both carvers and colorers in this business,--a great enlargement of their previous trade of mere toy-making.

This man had eleven sons. Ten of them were carvers in wood, one was a painter and gilder. All these sons worked together in the continuing and building up of their father's business. One of them, George Lang, perceiving the advantage of widening business connections, struck out for the world at large, established agencies for his house in many countries, chiefly in Russia, and came home to die. He had six sons and four or five daughters, it is not certainly known which; for, as the present George Lang said, telling this genealogical history in his delightful English: "The archives went up in fire once, so they did not know exactly." All six of these sons followed the trades of carving, painting, and gilding. One of them, the youngest, Johann, continued the business, succeeding to his father's position in 1824. He was perhaps the cleverest man of the line. He went from country to country, all over Europe, and had his agents in America, England, Australia, Russia. He was on terms of acquaintance with people in high position everywhere, and was sometimes called "The King of Oberammergau." Again and again the villagers wished to make him burgomaster or magistrate, but he would not accept the position. Nevertheless it finally came to pass that all legal writings of the town, leases, conveyances, etc., made, were signed by his name as well as by the names of the recognized officials. First, "the magistracy of Oberammergau," then, "Johann Lang, Agent," as he persisted in calling himself, ran in the records of the parties to transactions in Oberammergau at that time.

In 1847 the village began to be in great trouble. A large part of it was burned; sickness swept it; whole families were homeless, or without father or brother to support them. Now shone out the virtues of this "King of Oberammergau," who would not be its burgomaster. He supported the village: to those who could work he gave work, whether the work had present value to him or not; to those who could not work he gave food, shelter, clothes. He was a rich man in 1847, when the troubles began. In 1849 he was poor, simply from his lavish giving. He had only two sons, to both of whom he gave an education in the law. Thus the spell of the succession of the craft of wood-workers was broken. No doubt ambition had entered into the heart of the "King of Oberammergau" to place his sons higher in the social scale than any success in mere trade could lift them. One of these sons is now burgomaster of the village; he is better known to the outside world as the Caiaphas of the Passion Play. To one knowing the antecedents of his house, the dramatic power with which he assumes and renders the Jewish High-Priest's haughty scorn, impatience of opposition, contempt

for the Nazarene, will be seen to have a basis in his own pride of birth and inherited habit of authority.

The other son, having been only moderately successful in making his way in the world as a lawyer, returned to Oberammergau, succeeded to his father's business in 1856, but lived only a short time, dying in 1859. He left a widow and six children,--three sons and three daughters. For a time the widow and a sister-in-law carried on the business. As the sons grew up, two of them gradually assumed more and more the lead in affairs, and now bid fair to revive and restore the old traditions of the family power and success. One of them is in charge of a branch of the business in England, the other in Oberammergau. The third son is an officer in the Bavarian army. The aunt is still the accountant and manager of the house, and the young people evidently defer to her advice and authority.

The daughters have been educated in Munich and at convents, and are gentle, pleasing, refined young women. At the time of the Passion Play in 1880 they did the honors of their house to hundreds of strangers, who were at once bewildered and delighted to find, standing behind their chairs at dinner, young women speaking both English and French, and as courteously attentive to their guests' every wish as if they had been extending the hospitality of the "King of Oberammergau," a half-century back.

Their house is in itself a record. It stands fronting an irregular open, where five straggling roadways meet, making common centre of a big spring, from which water runs ceaselessly day and night into three large tanks. The house thus commands the village, and it would seem no less than natural that all post and postal service should centre in it. It is the largest and far the best house in the place. Its two huge carved doors stand wide open from morning till night, like those of an inn. On the right-hand side of the hall is the post-office, combined with which is the usual universal shop of a country village, holding everything conceivable, from a Norway dried herring down to French sewing-silk. On the left-hand side are the warerooms of wood-carvings: the first two rooms for their sale; behind these, rooms for storing and for packing the goods, to send away; there are four of these rooms, and their piled-up cases bear testimony to the extent of the business they represent.

A broad, dark, winding stairway leads up to the second floor. Here are the living-rooms of the family; spacious, sunny, comfortable. At the farther end of this hall a great iron door leads into the barn; whenever it is opened, a whiff of the odor of hay sweeps through; and to put out your head from your chamber-door of a morning, and looking down the hall, to see straight into a big haymow, is an odd experience the first time it happens. The house faces southeast, and has a dozen windows, all the time blazing in sunlight,--a goodly thing in

Oberammergau, where shadow and shade mean reeking damp and chill. On the south side of the house is an old garden, chiefly apple-orchard; under these trees, in sunny weather, the family take their meals, and at the time of the Passion Play more than fifty people often sat down at outdoor tables there. These trees were like one great aviary, so full were they of little sparrow-like birds, with breasts of cinnamon brown color, and black crests on their heads. They chatted and chattered like magpies, and I hardly ever knew them to be quiet except for a few minutes every morning, when, at half-past five, the village herd of fifty cows went by, each cow with a bell at her neck; and all fifty bells half ringing, half tolling, a broken, drowsy, sleepy, delicious chime, as if some old sacristan, but half awake, was trying to ring a peal. At the first note of this the birds always stopped,--half envious, I fancied. As the chime died away, they broke out again as shrill as ever, and even the sunrise did not interrupt them.

The open square in front of the house is a perpetual stage of tableaux. The people come and go, and linger there around the great water-tanks as at a sort of Bethesda, sunk to profaner uses of every-day cleansing. The commonest labors become picturesque performed in open air, with a background of mountains, by men and women with bare heads and bare legs and feet. Whenever I looked out of my windows I saw a picture worth painting. For instance, a woman washing her windows in the tanks, holding each window under the running stream, tipping it and turning it so quickly in the sunshine that the waters gliding off it took millions of prismatic hues, till she seemed to be scrubbing with rainbows; another with two tubs full of clothes, which she had brought there to wash, her petticoat tucked up to her knees, her arms bare to the shoulder, a bright red handkerchief knotted round her head, and her eyes flashing as she beat and lifted, wringing and tossing the clothes, and flinging out a sharp or a laughing word to every passer; another coming home at night with a big bundle of green grass under one arm, her rake over her shoulder, a free, open glance, and a smile and a bow to a gay postilion watering his horses; another who had brought, apparently, her whole stock of kitchen utensils there to be made clean,--jugs and crocks, and brass pans. How they glittered as she splashed them in and out! She did not wipe them, only set them down on the ground to dry, which seemed likely to leave them but half clean, after all. Then there came a dashing young fellow from the Tyrol, with three kinds of feathers in his green hat, short brown breeches, bare knees, gray yarn stockings with a pattern of green wreath knit in at the top, a happy-go-lucky look on his face, stooping down to take a mouthful of the swift-running water from the spout, and getting well splashed by missing aim with his mouth, to the uproarious delight of two women just coming in from their hay-making in the meadows, one of them balancing a hay-rake and pitchfork on her shoulder with one hand, and with the other holding her dark-blue petticoat carefully gathered up in front, full of hay; the other

drawing behind her (not wheeling it) a low, scoop-shaped wheelbarrow full of green grass and clover,--these are a few of any day's pictures. And thither came every day Issa Kattan, from Bethlehem of Judæa,--a brown-skinned, deer-eyed Syrian, who had come all the way from the Holy Land to offer to the Passion Play pilgrims mother-of-pearl trinkets wrought in Jerusalem; rosaries of pearl, of olive-wood, of seeds, scarlet, yellow, and black, wonderfully smooth, hard, and shining. He wore a brilliant red fez, and told his gentle lies in a voice as soft as the murmuring of wind in pines. He carried his wares in a small tray, hung, like a muff, by a cord round his neck, the rosaries and some strips of bright stuffs hanging down at each side and swinging back and forth in time to his slow tread. Issa paced the streets patiently from morn till night, but took good care to be at this watering-place many times in the course of the day, chiefly at the morning, and when the laborers were coming home at sunset.

Another vender, as industrious as he, but less picturesque, also haunted the spot: a man who, knowing how dusty the Passion Play pilgrims would be, had brought brushes to sell,--brushes big, little, round, square, thick, thin, long, short, cheap, dear, good, bad, and indifferent; no brush ever made that was not to be found hanging on that man's body, if you turned him round times enough. That was the way he carried his wares,--in tiers, strings, strata, all tied together and on himself in some inexplicable way. One would think he must have slipped himself into a dozen "cat's-cradles" of twine to begin with, and then had the brushes netted in and out on this foundation. All that remained to be seen of him was his head, above this bristling ball, and his feet shuffling below. To cap the climax of his grotesqueness, he wore on his back a wooden box, shaped like an Indian pappoose frame; and in this stood three or four lofty long-handled brushes for sweeping, which rose far above his head.

Another peasant woman--a hay-maker--I remember, who came one night; never again, though I watched longingly for her, or one like her. She wore a petticoat of umber-brown, a white blouse, a blue apron, a pink-and-white handkerchief over her head, pinned under her chin; under one arm she carried a big bunch of tall green grasses, with the tasselled heads hanging loose far behind her. On the other shoulder rested her pitchfork, and in the hand that poised the pitchfork she held a bunch of dahlias, red, white, and yellow.

But the daintiest and most memorable figure of all that flitted or tarried here, was a little brown-eyed, golden-haired maiden, not more than three years old. She lived near by, and often ran away from home. I saw her sometimes led by the hand, but oftenest without guide or protector,--never alone, however; for, rain or shine, early or late, she carried always in her arms a huge puppet, with a face bigger than her own. It wore a shawl and a knit hood, the child herself being

always bareheaded. It was some time before I could fathom the mystery of this doll, which seemed shapeless yet bulky, and heavier than the child could well lift, though she tugged at it faithfully and with an expression of care, as we often see poor babies in cities lugging about babies a little younger than themselves. At last I caught the puppet out one day without its shawl, and the mystery was revealed. It was a milliner's bonnet-block, on which a face had been painted. No wonder it seemed heavy and shapeless; below the face was nothing but a rough base of wood. It appeared that as soon as the thing was given to the child, she conceived for it a most inconvenient and unmanageable affection,--would go nowhere without it, would not go to sleep without it, could hardly be induced to put it for one moment out of her tired little arms, which could hardly clasp it round. It seemed but a fitting reward to perpetuate some token of such faithfulness; and after a good deal of pleading I induced the child's aunt, in whose charge she lived, to bring her to be photographed with her doll in her arms. It was not an easy thing to compass this; for the only photographer of the town, being one of the singers in the chorus, had small leisure for the practice of his trade in the Passion Play year; but, won over by the novelty of the subject, he found an odd hour for us, and made the picture. The little thing was so frightened at the sight of the strange room and instruments that she utterly refused to stand alone for a second, which was not so much of a misfortune as I thought at first, for it gave me the aunt's face also; and a very characteristic Oberammergau face it is.

At the same time I also secured a photograph of the good Frau Rutz. It was an illustration of the inborn dramatic sense in the Oberammergau people, that when I explained to Frau Rutz that I wished her to sit for a picture of an Oberammergau woman at her carving, she took the idea instantly, and appeared prompt to the minute, with a vase of her own carving, her glue-pot, and all her tools, to lay on the table by her side. "Do you not think it would be better with these?" she said simply; then she took up her vase and tool, as if to work, seated herself at the table in a pose which could not be improved, and looked up with, "Is this right?" The photographer nodded his head, and, presto! in five seconds it was done; and Frau Rutz had really been artist of her own picture. The likeness did her less than justice. Her face is even more like an old Memling portrait than is the picture. Weather-beaten, wrinkled, thin,--as old at forty-five as it should be by rights at sixty,--hers is still a noble and beautiful countenance. Nothing would so surprise Frau Rutz as to be told this. She laughed and shook her head when, on giving her one of the photographs, I said how much I liked it. "If it had another head on it, it might be very good," she said. She is one of the few women in Oberammergau who do delicate carving. In the previous winter she had made thirty vases of this pattern, besides doing much other work.

Very well I came to know Frau Rutz's chiselled and expressive old face

before I left Oberammergau. The front door of her house stood always open; and in a tiny kitchen opposite it,--a sort of closet in the middle of the house, lighted only by one small window opening into the hall, and by its door, which was never shut,--she was generally to be seen stirring or skimming, or scouring her bright saucepans. Whenever she saw us, she ran out with a smile, and the inquiry if there was anything she could do for us. On the day before the Passion Play she opened her little shop. It was about the size of a steamboat stateroom, built over a bit of the sidewalk,--Oberammergau fashion,--and joined at a slant to the house; it was a set of shelves roofed over, and with a door to lock at night, not much more: eight people crowded it tight; but it was packed from sill to roof with carvings, a large part of which had been made by herself, her husband and sons, or workmen in their employ, and most of which, I think, were sold by virtue of the Frau's smile, if it proved as potent a lure to other buyers as to me. If I drove or walked past her house without seeing it, I felt as if I had left something behind for which I ought to go back; and when she waved her hand to us, and stood looking after us as our horses dashed round the corner, I felt that good luck was invoked on the drive and the day.

Driving out of Oberammergau, there are two roads to choose from,--one up the Ammer, by way of a higher valley, and into closer knots of mountains, and so on into the Tyrol; the other down the Ammer, through meadows, doubling and climbing some of the outpost mountains of the range, and so on out to the plains. On the first road lies Ettal, and on the other Unterammergau, both within so short a distance of Oberammergau that they are to be counted in among its pleasures.

Ettal is one of the twelve beautiful houses which the ecclesiastics formerly owned in this part of Bavaria. These old monks had a quick eye for beauty of landscape, as well as a shrewd one for all other advantages of locality; and in the days of their power and prosperity they so crowded into these South Bavarian highlands that the region came to be called "Pfaffenwinkel," or "The Priest's Corner." Abbeys, priories, and convents--a dozen of them, all rich and powerful--stood within a day's journey of one another. Of these, Ettal was pre-eminent for beauty and splendor. It was founded early in the fourteenth century by a German emperor, who, being ill, was ready to promise anything to be well again, and being approached at this moment by a crafty Benedictine, promised to found a Benedictine monastery in the valley of the Ammer, if the Holy Virgin would restore him to health. An old tradition says that as the emperor came riding up the steep Ettaler Berg, at the summit of which the monastery stands, his horse fell three times on his knees, and refused to go farther. This was construed to be a sign from heaven to point out the site of the monastery. But to all unforewarned travellers who have approached Oberammergau by way of Ettal, and been compelled to walk up the Ettaler Berg, there will seem small occasion for any suggestion of a

supernatural cause for the emperor's horse tumbling on his knees. A more unmitigated two miles of severe climb was never built into a road; the marvel is that it should have occurred to mortal man to do it, and that there is as yet but one votive tablet by the roadside in commemoration of death by apoplexy in the attempt to walk up. It was Alois Pfaurler who did thus die in July, 1866,--and before he was half-way up, too. Therefore this tablet on the spot of his death has a depressing effect on people for the latter half of their struggle, and no doubt makes them go slower.

How much the Benedictines of Ettal had to do with the Passion Play which has made Oberammergau so famous, it is now not possible to know. Those who know most about it disagree. In 1634, the year in which the play was first performed, it is certain that the Oberammergau community must have been under the pastoral charge of some one of the great ecclesiastical establishments in that region; and it is more than probable that the monks, who were themselves much in the way of writing and performing in religious plays, first suggested to the villagers this mode of working for the glory and profit of the Church.

Their venerable pastor, Daisenberger, to whom they owe the present version of the Passion Play, was an Ettal monk; and one of the many plays which he has arranged or written for their dramatic training is "The Founding of the Monastery of Ettal." The closing stanzas of this well express the feeling of the Oberammergauer to-day, and no doubt of the Ettal monk centuries ago, in regard to the incomparable Ammer Thal region:--

"Let God be praised! He hath this vale created
To show to man the glory of his name!
And these wide hills the Lord hath consecrated
Where he his love incessant may proclaim.

"Ne'er shall decay the valley's greatest treasure,
Madonna, thou the pledge of Heaven's grace!
Her blessings will the Queen of Heaven outmeasure
To her quiet Ettal and Bavaria's race."

Most travellers who visit Oberammergau know nothing of Unterammergau, except that the white and brown lines of its roofs and spires make a charming dotted picture on the Ammer meadows, as seen from the higher seats in the Passion Play theatre. The little hamlet is not talked about, not even in guide-books. It sits, a sort of Cinderella, and meekly does its best to take care of the strangers who come grumbling to sleep there, once in ten years, only because beds are not to be had in its more favored sister village farther up the stream. Yet it is no less picturesque, and a good deal cleaner, than is Oberammergau; gets hours more of sunshine, a freer sweep of wind, and has compassing it about a fine stretch of meadow-lands, beautiful to look at, and rich

to reap.

Its houses are, like those in Oberammergau, chiefly white stucco over stone, or else dark and painted wood, often the lower story of white stucco and the upper one of dark wood, with a fringe of balconies, dried herbs, and wood-piles where the two stories join. Many of the stuccoed houses are gay with Scripture frescos, more than one hundred years old, and not faded yet. There are also many of the curious ancient windows, made of tiny round panes set in lead. When these are broken, square panes have to be set in. Nobody can make the round ones any more. On the inside of the brown wooden shutters are paintings of bright flowers; over the windows, and above the doors, are also Scripture frescos. One old house is covered with them. One scene is Saint Francis lying on his back, with his cross by his side; and another, the coronation of the Virgin Mary, in which God the Father is represented as a venerable man wrapped in a red and yellow robe, with a long white beard, resting his hand on the round globe, while Christ, in a red mantle, is putting the crown on the head of Mary, who is resplendent in bright blue and red. On another wall is Saint Joseph, holding the infant Christ on his knee. There must have been a marvellous secret in the coloring of these old frescos, that they have so long withstood the snows, rains, and winds of the Ammer valley. The greater part of them were painted by one Franz Zwick, in the middle of the last century. The peasants called him the "wind painter," because he worked with such preternatural rapidity. Many legends attest this; among others, a droll one of his finding a woman at her churning one day and asking her for some butter. She refused. "If you'll give me that butter," said Zwick, "I'll paint a Mother of God for you above your door." "Very well; it is a bargain," said the woman, "provided the picture is done as soon as the butter," whereupon Zwick mounted to the wall, and, his brushes flying as fast as her churn dasher, lo! when the butter was done, there shone out the fresh Madonna over the door, and the butter had been fairly earned. Zwick was an athletic fellow, and walked as swiftly as he painted; gay, moreover, for there is a tradition of his having run all the way to Munich once for a dance. Being too poor to hire a horse, he ran thither in one day, danced all night, and the next day ran back to Oberammergau, fresh and merry. He was originally only a color-rubber in the studio of one of the old rococo painters; but certain it is that he either stole or invented a most triumphant system of coloring, whose secret is unknown to-day. It is said that in 1790 every house in both Ober and Unter Ammergau was painted in this way. But repeated fires have destroyed many of the most valuable frescos, and many others have been ruthlessly covered up by whitewash. An old history of the valley says that when the inhabitants saw flames consuming these sacred images, they wept aloud in terror and grief, not so much for the loss of their dwellings as for the irreparable loss of the guardian pictures. The effect of these on a race for three generations,--one after another growing up in the habit, from earliest infancy, of gazing on the

visible representations of God and Christ and the Mother of God, placed as if in token of perpetual presence and protection on the very walls and roofs of their homes--must be incalculably great. Such a people would be religious by nature, as inherently and organically as they were hardy of frame by reason of the stern necessities of their existence. It is a poor proof of the superiority of enlightened, emancipated, and cultivated intellect, with all its fine analyses of what God is not, if it tends to hold in scorn or dares to hold in pity the ignorance which is yet so full of spirituality that it believes it can even see what God is, and feels safer by night and day with a cross at each gable of the roof.

One of the Unterammergau women, seeing me closely studying the frescos on her house, asked me to come in, and with half-shy hospitality, and a sort of childlike glee at my interest, showed me every room. The house is one of some note, as note is reckoned in Unterammergau: it was built in 1700, is well covered with Zwink's frescos, and bears an inscription stating that it was the birthplace of one "Max Anrich, canon of St. Zeno." It is the dwelling now of only humble people, but has traces of better days in the square-blocked wooden ceilings and curious old gayly-painted cupboards. Around three sides of the living-room ran a wooden bench, which made chairs a superfluous luxury. In one corner, on a raised stone platform, stood a square stove, surrounded by a broad bench; two steps led up to this bench, and from the bench, two steps more to the lower round of a ladder-like stair leading to the chamber overhead. The kitchen had a brick floor, worn and sunken in hollows; the stove was raised up on a high stone platform, with a similar bench around it, and the woman explained that to sit on this bench with your back to the fire was a very good thing to do in winter. Every nook, every utensil, was shining clean. In one corner stood a great box full of whetstones, scythe-sharpeners; the making of these was the industry by which the brothers earned the most of their money, she said; surely very little money, then, must come into the house. There were four brothers, three sisters, and the old mother, who sat at a window smiling foolishly all the time, aged, imbecile, but very happy. As we drove away, one of the sisters came running with a few little blossoms she had picked from her balcony; she halted, disappointed, and too shy to offer them, but her whole face lighted up with pleasure as I ordered the driver to halt that I might take her gift. She little knew that I was thinking how much the hospitality of her people shamed the cold indifference of so-called finer breeding.

A few rods on, we came to a barn, in whose open doorway stood two women threshing wheat with ringing flails. Red handkerchiefs twisted tight round their heads and down to their eyebrows, barefooted, bare-legged, bare-armed to the shoulders, swinging their flails lustily, and laughing as they saw me stop my horses to have a better look at them; they made one of the vividest pictures I saw in the

Ammer valley. Women often are hired there for this work of threshing, and they are expected to swing flails with that lusty stroke all day long for one mark.

NEGRO AMERICANS AND THEIR PROBLEMS

by Rev. Rodney W. Roundy, New York

Missionary Review of the World, Volume 34; Volume 44 – 1921

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Rev Rodney Wiley Roundy, Sr (1875-1965)

IT HAS become increasingly clear that America cannot do without the Negro. He is one of America's greatest assets. He had come to the shores of Virginia even before the Pilgrims landed on the "bleak New England Coast." True Negroes constitute only eleven or twelve per cent of the present population of the nation as against nineteen per cent in Revolutionary War times, yet they now have the largest place they have ever had in American life since the Dutch Man of Warre came into Jamestown harbor and sold to the planters "twenty Negars," three centuries ago.

Four hundred thousand Negroes were enlisted in the World War; 200,000 went across the seas; 5000 in two regiments were cited for bravery and 200 members of "New York's Old Fifteenth" received the Croix de Guerre. Other Negroes who stayed at home made evident their patriotism in no uncertain terms in all kinds of war drives and war-time cooperation.

During the war as never before industrial occupations were open to Negroes in such basic industries as shipbuilding, iron and steel, coal mining and similar lines. As soon as the present unemployment period is past doubtless many Negroes will be retained in the occupations where partial openings have been made. For the most part they have entered the unskilled and semi-skilled fields. In the north these were previously filled by foreign-born and immigrant labor. What will happen in the years to come with the large Negro population that has migrated to northern industrial centers when the tides of immigration flow into these centers raises questions of serious concern for all who are interested in race relations.

The large migration of Negroes from the southern rural districts, the failure of crops, the progress of the boll weevil and the red pin worm and the low price of cotton have created a situation in the rural districts of the South which call for help from all sources that can give it. In many localities it requires only stimulation and guidance to enable many landless tenants to become independent land holding farmers, as the breaking up of the large plantations from the shifting from cotton and corn to diversified farming is forced upon those who have managed the landless tenant system of affairs.

The Mission Boards should face definitely the question whether or not their former policy of concentration on the development of Negro education and support of educational institutions should now be largely supplemented by a program to help the Negro in these critical hours of his industrial and agricultural needs.

Strides have been made in inter-racial cooperation between white and colored people not simply in some sections of the South but in widely distributed areas. The movement has dynamic and has radiated powerfully from strategic centers. The best Christian talent of both races has been actively

enlisted in meeting a great need growing out of the war and its aftermath. Mr. Will W. Alexander, Associate Director of the Y. M. C. A. Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation has written as follows of the success of the enterprise:

"We have demonstrated that the work of the Inter-Racial Commission in the way of cooperation and conference between leaders in local communities is a most efficient way of improving race relations.

"There is in the minds of many churchmen the idea that by furnishing a sufficient number of schools and missions for Negroes, this problem could be solved. That does not reach the most stubborn element of the problem. The most difficult factor in it is the prejudice and antagonism which exists in the minds of a certain type of white people, both in the North and South, to the Negro. This makes it a white man's problem and not a Negro problem.

"In some way or other, we must get over to our people that as white men in America, we have a great opportunity in taking the leadership in creating on the part of our white people a democratic and Christian attitude to men of other racial groups.

"If the white denominations of America could be interested in helping to create on the part of their constituency a Christian attitude to these other racial groups, they would be rendering the very greatest possible service to the situation. I doubt if any amount of mission work among Negroes can ever take the place of this fundamental work among white people. This is really the crux of the whole situation."

One of the men at the heart of the movement from its earliest stages has been Prof. Edwin Mims of Vanderbilt University. Let him tell the story of the beginnings and spirit of the movement:

"A representative citizen or two from each of the southern states and three or four other men who have had large experience in managing funds for Negro education were called into conference. Gradually other prominent leaders have been added, until now there are representatives of every denomination, every profession, almost every shade of opinion. From the first these leaders have called into consultation the wisest Negro leaders, eight of whom now are members of the central committee. These men have brought to the meetings of the committee data from their localities and have helped formulate a program of action as an ideal towards which to work. Every one is a southerner who realized that tact, patience and courage would be needed.

"The program on which they decided called first for justice in the courts and especially opposition to lynching under any circumstances; second, economic justice; third, adequate educational facilities; fourth, improved living and sanitary conditions; fifth, recreational advantages; sixth, better traveling facilities; seventh, welcoming the returning colored soldiers. It was fully realized this program would not suit conservative and prejudiced southerners, but these leaders felt that it was thoroughly in line with the best southern tradition and that they had lack of them in their insistence on these fundamental demands the spirit of the great southerners of past and present. More important than any item in this program, however, is the fundamental idea of the whole movement—that this delicate problem can be met only by conferences between those who are involved, conferences that shall not be called after an emergency has arisen, but that shall be held constantly and periodically. Everything depends on the two races coming together to a sympathetic relationship."

There are Negro Socialists, educated ones, just the same as there are descendants of the Puritans who are Socialists. There may easily have been Bolshevik propagandists who desired to enlist and stir up

the Negroes, but Negro Bolsheviks—real red ones—are as scarce as hen's teeth. The Negro does not wave the red flag of Bolshevism and anarchism. The Negro does not look to Russia for his ideals. He looks to the best of essential Americanism and patiently dares to pin his faith to the principles of the preamble and amendments of the Constitution.

From New York City there goes abroad The Messenger advertising itself as the only radical Negro magazine in America. Measurably it lives up to its title, with a considerable circulation in New York City and other Negro centers, especially in the North. It takes about the place which "The Masses" takes among white readers. Marks of originality are lacking even though the technique is good and the editing well done by educated Negroes. With characteristic posing for leadership it is about as bitter against outstanding Negroes in the country, including DuBois, as against the capitalistic class and society in general. The Messenger is true to form in its bitterness toward the Church. It is an unfair, unrepresentative sheet, and its few advocates in different cities fail largely in their attempts when they fall afoul of the Negro church leaders and the strongly maintained allegiance to Negro churches.

Two or three other Negro publications, like The Whip of Chicago, are to be classed with The Messenger, though less widely circulated and less ably edited. The Chicago Defender, a weekly widely read by Negroes in all parts of the country under the stimulus of an inflated war psychology, has revealed at times a bitterness somewhat out of harmony with its previous policy and with the general trend of Negro journalism.

At the same time three or four hundred Negro newspapers and magazines in the country—daily, weekly, monthly—go their steady way with their strong ideals of essential Americanism always at the fore, albeit they speak more plainly than formerly of injustice and indignities suffered by the race. The rank and file as well as the leaders among Negroes have no use for The Messenger and all its works. As one passes in review the temper of most Negro publications and takes into account the many provocations, he is amazed at the amount of self restraint.

The average Negro is busy working, earning, spending, as Americans in general. Some of them are saving though it must be recognized that one of the chief economic needs of the Negro of today is an intelligent method of saving and the development of sane avenues of investment. Easy money and the chance everywhere to do things and to have things as never before in all ages of his ancestry or at any time in his own life does not lead to the Negro's planning a revolution or to bomb throwing. How much out of keeping with these facts has been the bomb throwing in Chicago instigated not by Negroes but by white real estate agents and interests. The Negro has no sympathy with the advocates of force or retaliation except in cases of most necessary self defense. He is not out to wreck civilization; rather with open hands he seeks it as the pearl of great price. The Negro has been and is misunderstood. He is not radical, not even clamoring for some special privileges. He simply wants things applied to him as they are applied to other Americans in general.

Marcus Garvey is a native of Jamaica coming to New York in 1914. With a background of a good education, with a Catholic upbringing but at present out of sympathy with any organized church, with experience of a newspaper man and of travel in Europe, especially London and England, his coming to New York in 1914 gave him the opportunity to immediately gather about him a large number of the West Indians resident in Harlem and elsewhere in New York City. With the gifts and genius of the Negro orator of the popular type his influence has gone beyond his first West Indian followers. Now he has a considerable following in all the larger centers of the country through membership in his Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League of the World of which he is President-General. He addresses largely attended meetings in a Negro tabernacle in the Harlem area.

Weekly there go to his extended membership copies of The Negro World, the official organ of the Movement. During August a so-called "World Convention" was assembled in New York City. At that time a Constitution of Negro Liberty was supposedly written.

Fundamentally Garvey plays upon the idea of race consciousness now at the front among the colored people of America as with other races of the world. In connection with it he advocates the idea of Negro colonization in Africa, and of Negroes being responsible for leadership in the Negro World. His plan is not without financial relations involving the Black Star Line with its one steamer plying between America and the West Indies and its two subsidiary boats. We also read of the Negro Factories Corporation, of the Cooperative Laundry Plan, etc. It cannot be told what the outcome of this movement will be. It is to be feared that it is a largely inflated and unstable affair. It does serve to emphasize the importance of a right use of the present race consciousness of the Negro, as also sane methods of thrift and investment that the Garvey movement may be constructively supplanted. It forces upon the Protestant Church the necessity of freshly realizing the place of sane religious inspiration and right spiritual leadership. * * •

EMIGRANT DIAMONDS IN AMERICA.

By Prof. William Herbert Hobbs.

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To discover the origin of the diamond in Nature we must seek it in its ancestral home, where the rocky matrix gave it birth in the form characteristic of its species. In prosecuting our search we should very soon discover that, in common with other gem minerals, the diamond has been a great wanderer, for it is usually found far from its original home. The disintegrating forces of the atmosphere, by acting upon the rocky material in which the stones were imbedded, have loosed them from their natural setting, to be caught up by the streams, sorted from their disintegrated matrix, and transported far from the parent rock, to be at last set down upon some gravelly bed over which the force of the current is weakened. The mines of Brazil and the Urals, of India, Borneo, and the "river diggings" of South Africa either have been or are now in deposits of this character.

The "dry diggings" of the Kimberley district, in South Africa, afford the unique locality in which the diamond has thus far been found in its original home, and all our knowledge of the genesis of the mineral has been derived from study of this locality. The mines are located in "pans," in which is found the "blue ground" now recognized as the disintegrated matrix of the diamond. These "pans" are known to be the "pipes," or "necks," of former volcanoes, now deeply dissected by the forces of the atmosphere--in fact, worn down if not to their roots, at least to their stumps. These remnants of the "pipes," through which the lava reached the surface, are surrounded in part by a black shale

containing a large percentage of carbon, and this is believed to be the material out of which the diamonds have been formed. What appear to be modified fragments of the black shale inclosed within the "pipes" afford evidence that portions of the shale have been broken from the parent beds by the force of the ascending current of lava--a common enough accompaniment to volcanic action--and have been profoundly altered by the high temperature and the extreme hydrostatic pressure under which the mass must have been held. The most important feature of this alteration has been the recrystallization of the carbon of the shale into diamond.

This apparent explanation of the genesis of the diamond finds strong support in the experiments of Moissan, who obtained artificial diamond by dissolving carbon in molten iron and immersing the mass in cold water until a firm surface crust had formed. The "chilled" mass was then removed, to allow its still molten core to solidify slowly. This it does with the development of enormous pressures, because the natural expansion of the iron on passing into the solid condition is resisted by the strong shell of "chilled" metal. The isolation of the diamond was then accomplished by dissolving the iron in acid.

The prevailing form of the South African diamonds is that of a rounded crystal, with eight large and a number of minute faces--a form called by crystallographers a modified octahedron. Their shapes would be roughly simulated by the Pyramids of Egypt if they could be seen, combined with their reflected images, in a placid lake, or, better to meet the conditions of the country, in a desert mirage. It is a peculiar property of diamond crystals to have convexly rounded faces, so that the edges which separate the faces are not straight, but gently curving. Less frequently in the African mines, but commonly in some other regions, diamonds are bounded by four, twelve, twenty-four, or even forty-eight faces. These must not, of course, be confused with the faces of cut stones, which are the product of the lapidary's art.

Geological conditions remarkably like those observed at the Kimberley mines have recently been discovered in Kentucky, with the difference that here the shales contain a much smaller percentage of carbon, which may be the reason that diamonds have not rewarded the diligent search that has been made for them.

Though now found in the greatest abundance in South Africa and in Brazil, diamonds were formerly obtained from India, Borneo, and from the Ural Mountains of Russia. The great stones of history have, with hardly an exception, come from India, though in recent years a number of diamond monsters have been found in South Africa. One of these, the "Excelsior," weighed nine hundred and seventy carats, which is in excess even of the supposed weight of the "Great Mogul."

Occasionally diamonds have come to light in other regions than those

specified. The Piedmont plateau, at the southeastern base of the Appalachians, has produced, in the region between southern Virginia and Georgia, some ten or twelve diamonds, which have varied in weight from those of two or three carats to the "Dewey" diamond, which when found weighed over twenty-three carats.

It is, however, in the territory about the Great Lakes that the greatest interest now centers, for in this region a very interesting problem of origin is being worked out. No less than seven diamonds, ranging in size from less than four to more than twenty-one carats, not to mention a number of smaller stones, have been recently found in the clays and gravels of this region, where their distribution was such as to indicate with a degree of approximation the location of their distant ancestral home.

In order clearly to set forth the nature of this problem and the method of its solution it will be necessary, first, to plot upon a map of the lake region the locality at which each of the stones has been found, and, further, to enter upon the same map the data which geologists have gleaned regarding the work of the great ice cap of the Glacial period. During this period, not remote as geological time is reckoned, an ice mantle covered the entire northeastern portion of our continent, and on more than one occasion it invaded for considerable distances the territory of the United States. Such a map as has been described discloses an important fact which holds the clew for the detection of the ancestral home of these diamonds. Each year is bringing with it new evidence, and we may look forward hopefully to a full solution of the problem.

In 1883 the "Eagle Stone" was brought to Milwaukee and sold for the nominal sum of one dollar. When it was submitted to competent examination the public learned that it was a diamond of sixteen carats' weight, and that it had been discovered seven years earlier in earth removed from a well-opening. Two events which were calculated to arouse local interest followed directly upon the discovery of the real nature of this gem, after which it passed out of the public notice. The woman who had parted with the gem for so inadequate a compensation brought suit against the jeweler to whom she had sold it, in order to recover its value. This curious litigation, which naturally aroused a great deal of interest, was finally carried to the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin, from which a decision was handed down in favor of the defendant, on the ground that he, no less than the plaintiff, had been ignorant of the value of the gem at the time of purchasing it. The other event was the "boom" of the town of Eagle as a diamond center, which, after the finding of two other diamonds with unmistakable marks of African origin upon them, ended as suddenly as it had begun, with the effect of temporarily discrediting, in the minds of geologists, the genuineness of the original "find."

Ten years later a white diamond of a little less than four carats' weight came to light in a collection of pebbles found in Oregon, Wisconsin, and brought to the writer for examination. The stones had been found by a farmer's lad while playing in a clay bank near his home. The investigation of the subject which was thereupon made brought out the fact that a third diamond, and this the largest of all, had been discovered at Kohlsville, in the same State, in 1883, and was still in the possession of the family on whose property it had been found.

As these stones were found in the deposits of "drift" which were left by the ice of the Glacial period, it was clear that they had been brought to their resting places by the ice itself. The map reveals the additional fact, and one of the greatest significance, that all these diamonds were found in the so-called "kettle moraine." This moraine or ridge was the dumping ground of the ice for its burden of boulders, gravel, and clay at the time of its later invasion, and hence indicates the boundaries of the territory over which the ice mass was then extended. In view of the fact that two of the three stones found had remained in the hands of the farming population, without coming to the knowledge of the world, for periods of eleven and seven years respectively, it seems most probable that others have been found, though not identified as diamonds, and for this reason are doubtless still to be found in many cases in association with other local "curios" on the clock shelves of country farmhouses in the vicinity of the "kettle moraine." The writer felt warranted in predicting, in 1894, that other diamonds would occasionally be brought to light in the "kettle moraine," though the great extent of this moraine left little room for hope that more than one or two would be found at any one point of it.

In the time that has since elapsed diamonds have been found at the rate of about one a year, though not, so far as I am aware, in any case as the result of search. In Wisconsin have been found the Saukville diamond, a beautiful white stone of six carats' weight, and also the Burlington stone, having a weight of a little over two carats. The former had been for more than sixteen years in the possession of the finder before he learned of its value. In Michigan has been found the Dowagiac stone, of about eleven carats' weight, and only very recently a diamond weighing six carats and of exceptionally fine "water" has come to light at Milford, near Cincinnati. This augmentation of the number of localities, and the nearness of all to the "kettle moraines," leaves little room for doubt that the diamonds were conveyed by the ice at the time of its later invasion of the country.

Having, then, arrived at a satisfactory conclusion regarding not only the agent which conveyed the stones, but also respecting the period during which they were transported, it is pertinent to inquire by what paths they were brought to their adopted homes, and whether, if these

may be definitely charted, it may not be possible to follow them in a direction the reverse of that taken by the diamonds themselves until we arrive at the point from which each diamond started upon its journey. If we succeed in this we shall learn whether they have a common home, or whether they were formed in regions more or less widely separated. From the great rarity of diamonds in Nature it would seem that the hypothesis of a common home is the more probable, and this view finds confirmation in the fact that certain marks of "consanguinity" have been observed upon the stones already found.

Not only did the ice mantle register its advance in the great ridge of morainic material which we know as the "kettle moraine," but it has engraved upon the ledges of rock over which it has ridden, in a simple language of lines and grooves, the direction of its movement, after first having planed away the disintegrated portions of the rock to secure a smooth and lasting surface. As the same ledges have been overridden more than once, and at intervals widely separated, they are often found, palimpsestlike, with recent characters superimposed upon earlier, partly effaced, and nearly illegible ones. Many of the scattered leaves of this record have, however, been copied by geologists, and the autobiography of the ice is now read from maps which give the direction of its flow, and allow the motion of the ice as a whole, as well as that of each of its parts, to be satisfactorily studied. Recent studies by Canadian geologists have shown that one of the highest summits of the ice cap must have been located some distance west of Hudson Bay, and that another, the one which glaciated the lake region, was in Labrador, to the east of the same body of water. From these points the ice moved in spreading fans both northward toward the Arctic Ocean and southward toward the States, and always approached the margins at the moraines in a direction at right angles to their extent. Thus the rock material transported by the ice was spread out in a great fan, which constantly extended its boundaries as it advanced.

The evidence from the Oregon, Eagle, and Kohlsville stones, which were located on the moraine of the Green Bay glacier, is that their home, in case they had a common one, is between the northeastern corner of the State of Wisconsin and the eastern summit of the ice mantle--a narrow strip of country of great extent, but yet a first approximation of the greatest value. If we assume, further, that the Saukville, Burlington, and Dowagiac stones, which were found on the moraine of the Lake Michigan glacier, have the same derivation, their common home may confidently be placed as far to the northeast as the wilderness beyond the Great Lakes, since the Green Bay and Lake Michigan glaciers coalesced in that region. The small stones found at Plum Creek, Wisconsin, and the Cincinnati stone, if the locations of their discovery be taken into consideration, still further circumscribe the diamond's home territory, since the lobes of the ice mass which transported them made a complete junction with the Green Bay and Lake Michigan lobes or glaciers considerably farther to the northward than

the point of union of the latter glaciers themselves.

If, therefore, it is assumed that all the stones which have been found have a common origin, the conclusion is inevitable that the ancestral home must be in the wilderness of Canada between the points where the several tracks marking their migrations converge upon one another, and the former summit of the ice sheet. The broader the "fan" of their distribution, the nearer to the latter must the point be located.

It is by no means improbable that when the barren territory about Hudson Bay is thoroughly explored a region for profitable diamond mining may be revealed, but in the meantime we may be sure that individual stones will occasionally be found in the new American homes into which they were imported long before the days of tariffs and ports of entry. Mother Nature, not content with lavishing upon our favored nation the boundless treasures locked up in her mountains, has robbed the territory of our Canadian cousins of the rich soils which she has unloaded upon our lake States, and of the diamonds with which she has sowed them.

The range of the present distribution of the diamonds, while perhaps not limited exclusively to the "kettle moraine," will, as the events have indicated, be in the main confined to it. This moraine, with its numerous subordinate ranges marking halting places in the final retreat of the ice, has now been located with sufficient accuracy by the geologists of the United States Geological Survey and others, approximately as entered upon the accompanying map. Within the territory of the United States the large number of observations of the rock scorings makes it clear that the ice of each lobe or glacier moved from the central portion toward the marginal moraines, which are here indicated by dotted bands. In the wilderness of Canada the observations have been rare, but the few data which have been gleaned are there represented by arrows pointed in the direction of ice movement.

There is every encouragement for persons who reside in or near the marginal moraines to search in them for the scattered jewels, which may be easily identified and which have a large commercial as well as scientific value.

The Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey is now interesting itself in the problem of the diamonds, and has undertaken the task of disseminating information bearing on the subject to the people who reside near the "kettle moraine." With the co-operation of a number of mineralogists who reside near this "diamond belt," it offers to make examination of the supposed gem stones which may be collected.

The success of this undertaking will depend upon securing the co-operation of the people of the morainal belt. Wherever gravel ridges have there been opened in cuts it would be advisable to look

for diamonds. Children in particular, because of their keen eyes and abundant leisure, should be encouraged to search for the clear stones.

The serious defect in this plan is that it trusts to inexperienced persons to discover the buried diamonds which in the "rough" are probably unlike anything that they have ever seen. The first result of the search has been the collection of large numbers of quartz pebbles, which are everywhere present but which are entirely valueless. There are, however, some simple ways of distinguishing diamonds from quartz.

Diamonds never appear in thoroughly rounded forms like ordinary pebbles, for they are too hard to be in the least degree worn by contact with their neighbors in the gravel bed. Diamonds always show, moreover, distinct forms of crystals, and these generally bear some resemblance to one of the forms figured. They are never in the least degree like crystals of quartz, which are, however, the ones most frequently confounded with them. Most of the Wisconsin diamonds have either twelve or forty-eight faces. Crystals of most minerals are bounded by plane surfaces--that is to say, their faces are flat--the diamond, however, is inclosed by distinctly curving surfaces.

The one property of the diamond, however, which makes it easy of determination is its extraordinary hardness--greater than that of any other mineral. Put in simple language, the hardness of a substance may be described as its power to scratch other substances when drawn across them under pressure. To compare the hardness of two substances we should draw a sharp point of one across a surface of the other under a pressure of the fingers, and note whether a permanent scratch is left. The harder substances will always scratch the softer, and if both have the same hardness they may be made to mutually scratch each other. Since diamond, sapphire, and ruby are the only minerals which are harder than emery they are the only ones which, when drawn across a rough emery surface, will not receive a scratch. Any stone which will not take a scratch from emery is a gem stone and of sufficient interest to be referred to a competent mineralogist.

The dissemination of information regarding the lake diamonds through the region of the moraine should serve the twofold purpose of encouraging search for the buried stones and of discovering diamonds in the little collections of "lucky stones" and local curios which accumulate on the clock shelves of country farmhouses. When it is considered that three of the largest diamonds thus far found in the region remained for periods of seven, eight, and sixteen years respectively in the hands of the farming population, it can hardly be doubted that many other diamonds have been found and preserved as local curiosities without their real nature being discovered.

If diamonds should be discovered in the moraines of eastern Ohio, of western Pennsylvania, or of western New York, considerable light would

thereby be thrown upon the problem of locating the ancestral home. More important than this, however, is the mapping of the Canadian wilderness to the southeastward and eastward of James Bay, in order to determine the direction of ice movement within the region, so that the _tracking_ of the stones already found may be carried nearer their home. The Director of the Geological Survey of Canada is giving attention to this matter, and has also suggested that a study be made of the material found in association with the diamonds in the moraine, so that if possible its source may be discovered.

With the discovery of new localities of these emigrant stones and the collection of data regarding the movement of the ice over Canadian territory, it will perhaps be possible the more accurately and definitely to circumscribe their home country, and as its boundaries are drawn closer and closer to pay this popular jewel a visit in its ancestral home, there to learn what we so much desire to know regarding its genesis and its life history.

* * * * *

William Pengelly related, in one of his letters to his wife from the British Association, Oxford meeting, 1860, of Sedgwick's presidency of the Geological Section, that his opening address was "most characteristic, full of clever fun, most imperative that papers should be as brief as possible--about ten minutes, he thought--he himself amplifying marvelously." The next day Pengelly himself was about to read his paper, when "dear old Sedgwick wished it compressed. I replied that I would do what I could to please him, but did not know which to follow, his precept or example. The roar of laughter was deafening. Old Sedgwick took it capitally, and behaved much better in consequence." On the third day Pengelly went to committee, where, he says, "I found Sedgwick very cordial, took my address, and talks of paying me a visit."

THE GRASSHOPPER.

By A.P.H.

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The Animal Kingdom may be divided into creatures which one can feed and creatures which one cannot feed. Animals which one cannot feed are nearly always unsatisfactory; and the grasshopper is no exception. Anyone who has tried feeding a grasshopper will agree with me.

Yet he is one of the most interesting of British creatures. _The Encyclopædia Britannica_ is as terse and simple as ever about him.

"Grasshoppers," it says, "are specially remarkable for their saltatory powers, due to the great development of the hind legs; and also for their stridulation, which is not always an attribute of the male only." To translate, grasshoppers have a habit of hopping ("saltatory powers") and chirping ("stridulation").

It is commonly supposed that the grasshopper stridulates by rubbing his back legs together; but this is not the case. For one thing I have tried it myself and failed to make any kind of noise; and for another, after exhaustive observations, I have established the fact that, though he does move his back legs every time he stridulates, his back legs do not touch each other. Now it is a law of friction that you cannot have friction between two back legs if the back legs are not touching; in other words the grasshopper does not rub his back legs together to produce stridulation, or, to put it quite shortly, he does not rub his back legs together at all. I hope I have made this point quite clear. If not, a more detailed treatment will be found in the Paper which I read to the Royal Society in 1912.

Nevertheless I have always felt that there was something fishy about the grasshopper's back legs. I mean, why should he wave his back legs about when he is stridulating? My own theory is that it is purely due to the nervous excitement produced by the act of singing. The same phenomenon can be observed in many singers and public speakers. I do not think myself that we need seek for a more elaborate hypothesis. The Encyclopædia Britannica, of course, says that "the stridulation or song in the Acridiidæ is produced by friction of the hind legs against portions of the wings or wing-covers," but that is just the sort of statement which the scientific man thinks he can pass off on the public with impunity. Considering that stridulation takes place about every ten seconds, I calculate that the grasshopper must require a new set of wings every ten days. It would be more in keeping with the traditions of our public life if the scientific man simply confessed that he was baffled by this problem of the grasshopper's back legs. Yet, as I have said, if a public speaker may fidget with his back legs while he is stridulating, why not a public grasshopper? The more I see of science the more it strikes me as one large mystification.

But I ought to have mentioned that "the Acridiidæ have the auditory organs on the first abdominal segment," while "the Locustidæ have the auditory organ on the tibia of the first leg." In other words one kind of grasshopper hears with its stomach and the other kind listens with its leg. When a scientific man has committed himself to that kind of statement he would hardly have qualms about a little invention like the back-legs legend.

With this scientific preliminary we now come to the really intriguing part of our subject, and that is the place of the grasshopper in modern politics. And the first question is, Why did Mr. Lloyd George call

Lord Northcliffe a grasshopper? I think it was in a speech about Russia that Mr. Lloyd George said, in terms, that Lord Northcliffe was a grasshopper. And he didn't leave it at that. He said that Lord Northcliffe was not only a grasshopper but a something something grasshopper, grasshopping here and grasshopping there--that sort of thing. There was nothing much in the accusation, of course, and Lord Northcliffe made no reply at the time; in fact, so far as I know, he has never publicly stated that he is not a grasshopper; for all we know it may be true. But I know a man whose wife's sister was in service at a place where there was a kitchen-maid whose young man was once a gardener at Lord Northcliffe's, and this man told me--the first man, I mean--that Lord Northcliffe took it to heart terribly. No grasshoppers were allowed in the garden from that day forth; no green that was at all like grasshopper-green was tolerated in the house, and the gardener used to come upon his Lordship muttering in the West Walk: "A grasshopper! He called me a grasshopper--me--a Grasshopper!" The gardener said that his Lordship used to finish up with, "I 'll teach him;" but that is hardly the kind of thing a lord would say, and I don't believe it. In fact I don't believe any of it. It is a stupid story.

But this crisis we keep having with France owing to Mr. Lloyd George's infamous conduct does make the story interesting. The suggestion is, you see, that Lord Northcliffe lay low for a long time, till everybody had forgotten about the grasshopper and Mr. Lloyd George thought that Lord Northcliffe had forgotten about the grasshopper, and then, when Mr. Lloyd George was in a hole, Lord Northcliffe said, "Now we'll see if I am a grasshopper or not," and started stridulating at high speed about Mr. Lloyd George. A crude suggestion. But if it were true it would mean that the grasshopper had become a figure of national and international importance. It is wonderful to think that we might stop being friends with France just because of a grasshopper; and, if Lord Northcliffe arranged for a new Government to come in, it might very well be called "The Grasshopper Government." That would look fine in the margins of the history-books.

Yes, it is all very "dramatic." It is exciting to think of an English lord nursing a grievance about a grasshopper for months and months, seeing grasshoppers in every corner, dreaming about grasshoppers.... But we must not waste time over the fantastic tale. We have not yet solved our principal problem. Why did Mr. Lloyd George call him a grasshopper--a modest friendly little grasshopper? Did he mean to suggest that Lord Northcliffe hears with his stomach or stridulates with his back legs?

Why not an earwig, or a black-beetle, or a wood-louse, or a centipede? There are lots of insects more offensive than the grasshopper, and personally I would much rather be called a grasshopper than an earwig, which gets into people's sponges and frightens them to death.

Perhaps he had been reading that nice passage in the Prophet Nahum: "Thy captains are as the great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are." I do not know. But _The Encyclopædia_ has a suggestive sentence: "All grasshoppers are vegetable feeders and have an incomplete metamorphosis, so that _their destructive powers are continuous from the moment of emergence from the egg until death_."

THE KAISER AND BELGIUM

By John W. Burgess.

Dean of the Faculties of Political Science, Philosophy, Pure Science, and the fine Arts at Columbia University; Roosevelt Professor of American History and Institutions at Friedrich Wilhelms University, Berlin, 1906-7; Visiting American Professor to Austrian Universities, 1914-15; Decorated, Order of Prussian Crown by the German Emperor and Order of the Albrechts by the King of Saxony.

FIRST ARTICLE.

It is often said by historians that no truly great man is every really understood by the generation, and in the age, for which he labors. Many instances of the truth of this statement can be easily cited. Two of the most flagrant have come within the range of my own personal experience. The first was the character of Abraham Lincoln as depicted by the British press of 1860-64 and as conceived by the British public opinion of that era. Mr. Henry Adams, son and private secretary of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, our Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain during that critical era in our history, writes, in that fascinating book of his entitled "The Education of Henry Adams,"

that "London was altogether beside itself on one point, in especial; it created a nightmare of its own, and gave it the shape of Abraham Lincoln. Behind this it placed another demon, if possible more devilish, and called it Mr. Seward. In regard to these two men English society seemed demented. Defense was useless: explanation was vain. One could only let the passion exhaust itself. One's best friends were as unreasonable as enemies, for the belief in poor Mr. Lincoln's brutality and Seward's ferocity became a dogma of popular faith."

Adams relates further that the last time he saw Thackeray at Christmas of 1863 they spoke of their mutual friend Mrs. Frank Hampton of South

Carolina, whom Thackeray had portrayed as Ethel Newcome, and who had recently passed away from life. Thackeray had read in the British papers that her parents had been prevented by the Federal soldiers from passing through the lines to see her on her deathbed. Adams writes that

in speaking of it Thackeray's voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears. The coarse cruelty of Lincoln and his hirelings was notorious. He never doubted that the Federals made a business of harrowing the tenderest feelings of women--particularly of women--in order to punish their opponents. On quite insufficient evidence he burst into reproach. Had he (Adams) carried in his pocket the proofs that the reproach was unjust he would have gained nothing by showing them. At that moment Thackeray, and all London society with him, needed the nervous relief of expressing emotions; for if Mr. Lincoln was not what they said he was, what were they?

Mr. Lincoln sent over our most skillful politician, Thurlow Weed, and our most able constitutional lawyer, William M. Evarts, and later our most brilliant orator, Henry Ward Beecher, followed, for the purpose of bringing the British people to their senses and correcting British opinion, but all to little purpose. Gettysburg and Vicksburg did far more toward modifying that opinion than the persuasiveness of Weed, the logic of Evarts, or the eloquence of Beecher, and it took Chattanooga, the March to the Sea, and Appomattox to dispel the illusion entirely.

Today we are laboring under a no less singular illusion than were the English in 1862. The conception prevailing in England and in this country concerning the physical, mental, and moral make-up of the German Emperor is the monumental caricature of biographical literature. I have had the privilege of his personal acquaintance now for nearly ten years. I have been brought into contact with him in many different ways and under many varying conditions, at Court and State functions, at university ceremonies and celebrations, at his table, and by his fireside surrounded by his family, when in the midst of his officials, his men of science, and his personal friends, and, more instructive than all, alone in the imperial home in Berlin and at Potsdam and in the castle and forest at Wilhelmshöhe. With all this experience, with all this opportunity for observation at close range, I am hardly able to recognize a single characteristic usually attributed to him by the British and American press of today.

In the first place, the Emperor is an impressive man physically. He is not a giant in stature, but a man of medium size, great strength and endurance, and of agile and graceful movement. He looks every inch a leader of men. His fine gray-blue eyes are peculiarly fascinating. I saw him once seated beside his uncle, King Edward VII., and the contrast was very striking, and greatly in his favor.

In the second place, the Emperor is an exceedingly intelligent and highly cultivated man. His mental processes are swift, but they go also very deep. He is a searching inquirer, and questions and listens more than he talks. His fund of knowledge is immense and sometimes astonishing. He manifests interest in everything, even to the smallest detail, which can have any bearing upon human improvement. I remember a half hour's conversation with him once over a cupping glass, which he had gotten from an excavation in the Roman ruin called the Saalburg, near Homburg. He always appeared to me most deeply concerned with the arts of peace. I have never heard him speak much of war, and then always with abhorrence, nor much of military matters, but improved agriculture, invention, and manufacture, and especially commerce and education in all their ramifications, were the chief subjects of his thought and conversation. I have had the privilege of association with many highly intelligent and profoundly learned men, but I have never acquired as much knowledge, in the same time, from any man whom I have ever met, as from the German Emperor. And yet, with all this real superiority of mind and education, his deference to the opinions of others is remarkable. Arrogance is one of the qualities most often attributed to him, but he is the only ruler I ever saw in whom there appeared to be absolutely no arrogance. He meets you as man meets man and makes you feel that you are required to yield to nothing but the better reason.

A Man of Warm Affections.

In the third place, the Emperor impressed me as a man of heart, of warm affections, and of great consideration for the feelings and well-being of others. He can not, at least does not, conceal his reverence for, and devotion to, the Empress, or his love for his children, or his attachment to his friends. He always speaks of Queen Victoria and of the Empress Friedrich with the greatest veneration, and once when speaking to me of an old American friend who had turned upon him he said that it was difficult for him to give up an old friend, right or wrong, and impossible when he believed him to be in the right. His manifest respect and affection for his old and tried officials, such as Lucanus and zu Eulenburg and von Studt and Beseler and Althoff, give strong evidence of the warmth and depth of his nature. His consideration for Americans, especially, has always been remarkable. It was at his suggestion that the exchange of educators between the universities of Germany and of the United States was established, and it has been his custom to be present at the opening lecture of each new incumbent of these positions at the University of Berlin, and to greet him and welcome him to his work. He is also the first to extend to these foreign educators hospitality and social attention. To any one who has experienced his hearty welcome to his land and his home the assertion that he is arrogant and autocratic is so far away from truth as to be ludicrous. Again I must say that I have never met a ruler, in monarchy or republic, in whom

genuine democratic geniality was a so predominant characteristic.

But the characteristic of the Emperor which struck me most forcibly is his profound sense of duty and his readiness for self-sacrifice for the welfare of his country. This is a general German trait. It is the most admirable side of German nature. And the Emperor is, in this respect especially, their Princeps. I remember sitting beside him one day, when one of the ladies of his household asked me if I were acquainted with a certain wealthy ultra-fashionable New York social leader. I replied, by name only. She pressed me to know why not more nearly, why not personally. And to this, I replied that I was not of her class; that I could not amuse her, and that I did not approve of the frivolous and demoralizing example and influence of one so favorably circumstanced for doing good. The Emperor had heard the conversation, and he promptly said: "You know in Germany we do not rate and classify people by their material possessions, but by the importance of the service they render to country, culture, and civilization." One of his sons once told me that from his earliest childhood his father had instilled into his mind the lesson that devotion to duty and readiness for sacrifice were the cardinal virtues of a German, especially of a Hohenzollern. His days are periods of constant labor and severe discipline. He rises early, lives abstemiously and works until far into the night. There is no day laborer in his entire empire who gives so many hours per diem to his work. His nature is manifestly deeply religious and, in every sentence he speaks, evidence of his consciousness that the policeman's club cannot take the place of religious and moral principle is revealed. His frequent appeal for Divine aid in the discharge of his duties is prompted by the conviction that the heavier the duty the more need there is of that aid.

His Passion for German Greatness.

He undoubtedly has an intense desire, almost a passion, for the prosperity and greatness of his country, but his conception of that prosperity and greatness is more spiritual and cultural than material and commercial. More than once have I heard him say that he desired to see Germany a wealthy country, but only as the result of honest and properly requited toil, and that wealth acquired by force or fraud was more a curse than a blessing, and was destined to go as it had come. His conception of the greatness of Germany is as a great intellectual and moral power rather than anything else. Its physical power he values chiefly as the creator and maintainer of the conditions necessary to the production and influence of this higher power. I have often heard him express this thought.

And in spite of this terrible war, the responsibility for which is by so many erroneously laid at his door, I firmly believe him to be a man of peace. I am absolutely sure that he has entered upon this war only under the firm conviction that Great Britain, France, and Russia have

conspired to destroy Germany as a world power, and that he is simply defending, as he said in his memorable speech to the Reichstag, the place which God had given the Germans to dwell on. For seven years I myself have witnessed the growth of this conviction in his mind and that of the whole German Nation as the evidences of it have multiplied from year to year until at last the fatal hour at Serajevo struck. I firmly believe that there is no soul in this wide world upon whom the burden and grief of this great catastrophe so heavily rest as upon the German Emperor. I have heard him declare with the greatest earnestness and solemnity that he considered war a dire calamity; that Germany would never during his reign wage an offensive war, and that he hoped God would spare him from the necessity of ever having to conduct a defensive war. For years he has been conscious that British diplomacy was seeking to isolate and crush Germany by an alliance of Latin, Slav, and Mongol under British direction, and he sought in every way to avert it. He visited England himself frequently. He sent his Ministers of State over to cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of the British Ministers, but rarely would the British King go himself to Germany or send his Ministers to return these visits. More than once have I heard him say that he was most earnestly desirous of close friendship between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, and had done, was doing, and would continue to do, all in his power to promote it; but that while the Americans were cordially meeting Germany half way, the British were cold, suspicious, and repellent.

I know that the two things which are giving him the deepest pain in this world catastrophe, excepting only the sufferings of his own kindred and people, are the enmity of Great Britain and the misunderstanding of his character, feelings, and purposes in America. To remedy the first we here can do nothing, but to dispel the second is our bounden duty; and I devoutly hope that other evidence may prove sufficient to do this to the satisfaction of the minds of my countrymen than was necessary to convince the British Nation that the great-hearted Abraham Lincoln was not a brute nor the urbane William H. Seward a demon of ferocity.

Reply to Prof. Burgess

To the Editor of The New York Times:

The Burgess Kaiser is a truly admirable person. Every right-minded man will be only too glad to believe all that Prof. Burgess affirms of him. To be sure, there is a lurking sense that the professor "doth protest too much." But let that go. In the present topsy-turvy state of the world it is refreshing to hear of a man who loves his wife and children in the good, old way. But just now the world is not interested in the

private, personal, peculiarly German characteristics of the Kaiser. We outsiders must take him as he is known to the international world. We of course trust that he is an able, cultivated, attractive gentleman. There are many such in the world. But this gentleman happens to be the head of one of the great nations. Our interest in him centres in his relations to his neighbor nations.

An English friend of mine was appointed to duty in a tribe of savages in Africa. I dislike to call them savages after the testimony of my friend. But they were just plain, naked folk, living in primitive simplicity in their native land. The chief of this little tribe was, as my friend asserts, a superior man, and, in spite of his undress, a good deal of a gentleman. In physique he was superb. A sculptor's heart would have leaped for joy at sight of him. My friend said to see him teaching his young son to throw a spear was a sort of physical music. He himself could throw a spear to an incredible distance with the precision of a rifle shot. He ruled his little kingdom with surprising wisdom and fairness. He was welcomed everywhere among his people as the friend and counselor. His family relations were unimpeachable. The same was true throughout the tribe. He was devoutly pious. In short, he was a Burgess Kaiser in the small. But he was the war lord of all that region. He was fiercely jealous of all the neighboring tribes. He kept his own people armed and drilled to the top of efficiency, ready for attack or defense. He was noted for his hatred and contempt for his people except his own. His forays were marked by savage cruelty. His military necessities stopped at nothing.

Need it be said that the surrounding tribes were in nowise interested in this chief's physique or domestic virtues, or in his fidelity to his own people? It is safe to affirm that the British Government did not ask whether he had the body of a Michael Angelo's David or of a baboon from the jungle. It did not ask whether he was good to his wife and children. Most animals are. It did not care how devoted he was to his fetich. The sole question was, What sort of public citizen is he? How does he stand related to surrounding peoples? On what terms does he propose to live with them? That precisely is what we want to know about the Kaiser.

Fortunately, we do not have to ask Prof. Burgess, or any group of savants, or the German people. The Kaiser's record is known and read of all men.

JAMES H. ECOB,

American Institute of Social Service.

New York, Oct. 21, 1914.

PROF. BURGESS'S SECOND ARTICLE.

The Guarantee of Belgian Neutrality

So much has been said about Belgian neutrality, so much assumed, and it has been such a stumbling block in the way of any real and comprehensive understanding of the causes and purposes of the great European catastrophe, that it may be well to examine the basis of it and endeavor to get an exact idea of the scope and obligation.

Of course, we are considering here the question of guaranteed neutrality, not the ordinary neutrality enjoyed by all States not at war, when some States are at war; the difference between ordinary neutrality and guaranteed neutrality being that no State is under any obligation to defend the ordinary neutrality of any other State against infringement by a belligerent, and no belligerent is under any special obligation to observe it. Guaranteed neutrality is, therefore, purely a question of specific agreement between States.

On the 19th day of April, 1839, Belgium and Holland, which from 1815 to 1830 had formed the United Kingdom of the Netherlands, signed a treaty of separation from, and independence of, each other. It is in this treaty that the original pledge of Belgian neutrality is to be found. The clause of the treaty reads: "Belgium in the limits above described shall form an independent neutral State and shall be bound to observe the same neutrality toward all other States." On the same day and at the same place, (London,) a treaty, known in the history of diplomacy as the Quintuple Treaty, was signed by Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia, approving and adopting the treaty between Belgium and Holland. A little later, May 11, the German Confederation, of which both Austria and Prussia were members, also ratified this treaty.

In the year 1866 the German Confederation was dissolved by the war between Austria and Prussia, occasioned by the Schleswig-Holstein question. In 1867 the North German Union was formed, of which Prussia was the leading State, while Austria and the German States south of the River Main were left out of it altogether. Did these changes render the guarantees of the Treaty of 1839 obsolete and thereby abrogate them, or at least weaken them and make them an uncertain reliance? The test of this came in the year 1870, at the beginning of hostilities between France and the North German Union. Great Britain, the power most interested in the maintenance of Belgian neutrality, seems to have had considerable apprehension about it. Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, said in the House of Commons: "I am not able to subscribe to the doctrine of those who have held in this House what plainly amounts to an assertion that the simple fact of the existence of a guarantee is binding on every party to it, irrespective altogether of the particular position in which it may find itself when the occasion for acting on the guarantee arises."

A One-Year Treaty.

Proceeding upon this view, the British Government then sought and procured from the French Government and from the Government of the North German Union separate but identical treaties guaranteeing with the British Government the neutrality of Belgium during the period of the war between France and the North German Union, the so-called Franco-Prussian war, which had just broken out, and for one year from the date of its termination. In these treaties it is also to be remarked that Great Britain limited the possible operation of her military force in maintaining the neutrality of Belgium to the territory of the State of Belgium.

These treaties expired in the year 1872, and the present German Empire has never signed any treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium. Moreover, between 1872 and 1914 Belgium became what is now termed a world power; that is, it reached a population of nearly 9,000,000 people, it had a well-organized, well-equipped army of over 200,000 men and powerful fortifications for its own defense; it had acquired and was holding colonies covering 1,000,000 square miles of territory, inhabited by 15,000,000 men, and it had active commerce, mediated by its own marine, with many, if not all, parts of the world. Now, these things are not at all compatible in principle with a specially guaranteed neutrality of the State which possesses them. The State which possesses them has grown out of its swaddling clothes, has arrived at the age and condition of maturity and self-protection, and has passed the age when specially guaranteed neutrality is natural.

From all these considerations, I think it extremely doubtful whether, on the first day of August, 1914, Belgium should have been considered as possessing any other kind of neutrality than the ordinary neutrality enjoyed by all States not at war, when some States are at war. In fact, it remains to be seen whether Belgium itself had not forfeited the privilege of this ordinary neutrality before a single German soldier had placed foot on Belgian soil. A few days ago I received a letter from one of the most prominent professors in the University of Berlin, who is also in close contact with the Prussian Ministry of Education, a man in whose veracity I place perfect confidence, having known him well for ten years. He writes: "Our violation of the neutrality of Belgium was prompted in part by the fact that we had convincing proof that there were French soldiers already in Belgium and that Belgium had agreed to allow the French Army to pass over its soil in case of a war between France and us." Moreover, in the British "White Paper" itself, No. 122, is to be found a dispatch from the British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir E. Goschen, to Sir Edward Grey, containing these words: "It appears from what he [the German Secretary of Foreign Affairs] said that the German Government consider that certain hostile acts have already been

committed by Belgium. As an instance of this, he alleged that a consignment of corn for Germany had been placed under an embargo already." The date of this dispatch is July 31, days before the Germans entered Belgium.

But placing these two things entirely aside, as well as the new evidence, said to have just been found in the archives at Brussels, that Belgium had by her agreements with Great Britain forfeited every claim to even ordinary neutrality in case of a war between Germany and Great Britain, I find in the British "White Paper" itself, No. 123, not only ample justification, but absolute necessity, from a military point of view, for a German army advancing against France, not only to pass through Belgium, but to occupy Belgium. This number of the "White Paper" is a communication dated Aug. 1 from Sir Edward Grey to Sir E. Goschen, British Ambassador in Berlin. In it Sir Edward Grey informed Sir E. Goschen that the German Ambassador in London asked him "whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we, Great Britain, would remain neutral," and that he [Grey] replied that he "could not say that," that he did not think Great Britain "could give a promise of neutrality on that condition alone"; further, Sir Edward Grey says: "The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed. I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free."

The Necessary Invasions.

After this Sir Edward Grey declared in Parliament, according to newspaper reports, that Great Britain stood, as to Belgian neutrality, on the same ground as in 1870. With all due respect, I cannot so understand it. In 1870 Great Britain remained neutral in a war between the North German Union and France, and, with the North German Union, guaranteed Belgium against invasion by France, and, with France, guaranteed Belgium against invasion by the North German Union. On Aug. 1, 1914, the German Empire asked Great Britain to do virtually the same thing, and Great Britain refused. It is, therefore, Germany who stood in 1914 on the same ground, with regard to Belgian neutrality, as she did in 1870, and it is Great Britain who shifted her position and virtually gave notice that she herself would become a belligerent. It was this notice served by Sir Edward Grey on the German Ambassador in London on Aug. 1, 1914, which made the occupation of Belgium an absolute military necessity to the safety of the German armies advancing against France. Otherwise they would, so far as the wit of man could divine, have left their right flank exposed to the advance of a British army through Belgium, and there certainly was no German commander so absolutely bereft of all military knowledge or instinct as to have committed so patent an error.

Belgium has Great Britain to thank for every drop of blood shed by her people, and every franc of damage inflicted within her territory during this war. With a million of German soldiers on her eastern border demanding unhindered passage through one end of her territory, under the pledge of guarding her independence and integrity and reimbursing every franc of damage, and no British force nearer than Dover, across the Channel, it was one of the most inconsiderate, reckless, and selfish acts ever committed by a great power when Sir Edward Grey directed, as is stated in No. 155 of the British "White Paper," the British Envoy in Brussels to inform the "Belgian Government that if pressure is applied to them by Germany to induce them to depart from neutrality, his Majesty's Government expects that they will resist by any means in their power."

It is plain enough that Great Britain was not thinking so much of protecting Belgium as of Belgium protecting her, until she could prepare to attack Germany in concert with Russia and France. She was willing to let Belgium, yea almost to command Belgium, to take the fearful risk of complete destruction in order that she might gain a little time in perfecting the co-operation of Russia and France with herself for the crushing of Germany, and in order to hold the public opinion of neutral powers, especially of the United States of America, in leash under the chivalrous issue of protecting a weaker country, which she has done little or nothing to protect, but which she could have effectively protected by simply remaining neutral herself.

We Americans have been greatly confused in mind in regard to the issues of this war. We have confounded causes and occasions and purposes and incidents until it has become almost impossible for any considerable number of us to form a sound and correct judgment in regard to it. But we shall emerge from that nebulous condition. We are beginning to see more clearly now, and it would not surprise me greatly if the means used for producing our confusion would some day come back, if not to plague the consciences, at least to foil the purposes of their inventors.

Reply to Prof. Burgess

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Prof. Burgess's amazing communication on Belgian neutrality omits an essential piece of evidence. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the German Empire might repudiate all treaty obligations of the earlier German confederations, (very odd law, this;) granting also the still more novel plea that Belgium had outgrown the need, and the privilege of

neutralization, Germany had agreed to treat all neutral powers under the following provisions of The Hague Conventions of 1907 concerning the rights and duties of neutral powers:

1. The territory of neutral powers is inviolable.
2. Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral power.

* * * * *

5. A neutral power must not allow any of the acts referred to in Articles 2 to 4 to occur on its territory.

This pledge the German Empire had solemnly made only seven years ago. It would seem that Prof. Burgess may accept the distinction ably made by Prof. Münsterberg between "pledges of national honor" and mere "routine agreements," placing Hague treaties in the latter category.

The allegation that France and England secretly did unneutral acts in Belgium is as yet without proof of any sort, and must be interpreted by the commonsense consideration that a neutral Belgium was a defensive bulwark for France and England. To have tampered with her neutrality would have been motiveless folly. How much more decent and moral than Prof. Burgess's meticulous weighing of national reincorporation as a means of evading national obligations is Chancellor Hollweg's robust plea of national necessity! Prof. Burgess's whole moral and mental attitude in this case seems to be that of a corporation lawyer getting a trust out of a hole under the Statute of Limitations or by some reorganizing dodge.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, Jr.

Princeton, N.J., Nov. 4, 1914.

IMMIGRANTS AND THEIR CHILDREN

Project Gutenberg Etext of *20 Years At Hull House* by Jane Addams

From our very first months at Hull-House we found it much easier to deal with the first generation of crowded city life than with the second or third, because it is more natural and cast in a simpler mold. The Italian and Bohemian peasants who live in Chicago still put on their bright holiday clothes on a Sunday and go to visit their cousins. They tramp along with at least a

suggestion of having once walked over plowed fields and breathed country air. The second generation of city poor too often have no holiday clothes and consider their relations a "bad lot." I have heard a drunken man in a maudlin stage babble of his good country mother and imagine he was driving the cows home, and I knew that his little son who laughed loud at him would be drunk earlier in life and would have no pastoral interlude to his ravings. Hospitality still survives among foreigners, although it is buried under false pride among the poorest Americans. One thing seemed clear in regard to entertaining immigrants; to preserve and keep whatever of value their past life contained and to bring them in contact with a better type of Americans. For several years, every Saturday evening the entire families of our Italian neighbors were our guests. These evenings were very popular during our first winters at Hull-House. Many educated Italians helped us, and the house became known as a place where Italians were welcome and where national holidays were observed. They come to us with their petty lawsuits, sad relics of the vendetta, with their incorrigible boys, with their hospital cases, with their aspirations for American clothes, and with their needs for an interpreter.

An editor of an Italian paper made a genuine connection between us and the Italian colony, not only with the Neapolitans and the Sicilians of the immediate neighborhood, but with the educated *connazionali* throughout the city, until he went south to start an agricultural colony in Alabama, in the establishment of which Hull-House heartily cooperated.

Possibly the South Italians more than any other immigrants represent the pathetic stupidity of agricultural people crowded into city tenements, and we were much gratified when thirty peasant families were induced to move upon the land which they knew so well how to cultivate. The starting of this colony, however, was a very expensive affair in spite of the fact that the colonists purchased the land at two dollars an acre; they needed much more than raw land, and although it was possible to collect the small sums necessary to sustain them during the hard time of the first two years, we were fully convinced that undertakings of this sort could be conducted properly only by colonization societies such as England has established, or, better still, by enlarging the functions of the Federal Department of Immigration.

An evening similar in purpose to the one devoted to the Italians was organized for the Germans, in our first year. Owing to the superior education of our Teutonic guests and the clever leading of a cultivated German woman, these evenings reflected something of that cozy social intercourse which is found in its perfection

in the fatherland. Our guests sang a great deal in the tender minor of the German folksong or in the rousing spirit of the Rhine, and they slowly but persistently pursued a course in German history and literature, recovering something of that poetry and romance which they had long since resigned with other good things. We found strong family affection between them and their English-speaking children, but their pleasures were not in common, and they seldom went out together. Perhaps the greatest value of the Settlement to them was in placing large and pleasant rooms with musical facilities at their disposal, and in reviving their almost forgotten enthusiasms. I have seen sons and daughters stand in complete surprise as their mother's knitting needles softly beat time to the song she was singing, or her worn face turned rosy under the hand-clapping as she made an old-fashioned curtsy at the end of a German poem. It was easy to fancy a growing touch of respect in her children's manner to her, and a rising enthusiasm for German literature and reminiscence on the part of all the family, an effort to bring together the old life and the new, a respect for the older cultivation, and not quite so much assurance that the new was the best.

This tendency upon the part of the older immigrants to lose the amenities of European life without sharing those of America has often been deplored by keen observers from the home countries. When Professor Masurek of Prague gave a course of lectures in the University of Chicago, he was much distressed over the materialism into which the Bohemians of Chicago had fallen. The early immigrants had been so stirred by the opportunity to own real estate, an appeal perhaps to the Slavic land hunger, and their energies had become so completely absorbed in money-making that all other interests had apparently dropped away. And yet I recall a very touching incident in connection with a lecture Professor Masurek gave at Hull-House, in which he had appealed to his countrymen to arouse themselves from this tendency to fall below their home civilization and to forget the great enthusiasm which had united them into the Pan-Slavic Movement. A Bohemian widow who supported herself and her two children by scrubbing, hastily sent her youngest child to purchase, with the twenty-five cents which was to have supplied them with food the next day, a bunch of red roses which she presented to the lecturer in appreciation of his testimony to the reality of the things of the spirit.

An overmastering desire to reveal the humbler immigrant parents to their own children lay at the base of what has come to be called the Hull-House Labor Museum. This was first suggested to my mind one early spring day when I saw an old Italian woman, her distaff against her homesick face, patiently spinning a thread by the simple stick spindle so reminiscent of all southern Europe. I

was walking down Polk Street, perturbed in spirit, because it seemed so difficult to come into genuine relations with the Italian women and because they themselves so often lost their hold upon their Americanized children. It seemed to me that Hull-House ought to be able to devise some educational enterprise which should build a bridge between European and American experiences in such wise as to give them both more meaning and a sense of relation. I meditated that perhaps the power to see life as a whole is more needed in the immigrant quarter of a large city than anywhere else, and that the lack of this power is the most fruitful source of misunderstanding between European immigrants and their children, as it is between them and their American neighbors; and why should that chasm between fathers and sons, yawning at the feet of each generation, be made so unnecessarily cruel and impassable to these bewildered immigrants? Suddenly I looked up and saw the old woman with her distaff, sitting in the sun on the steps of a tenement house. She might have served as a model for one of Michelangelo's Fates, but her face brightened as I passed and, holding up her spindle for me to see, she called out that when she had spun a little more yarn, she would knit a pair of stockings for her goddaughter. The occupation of the old woman gave me the clue that was needed. Could we not interest the young people working in the neighborhood factories in these older forms of industry, so that, through their own parents and grandparents, they would find a dramatic representation of the inherited resources of their daily occupation. If these young people could actually see that the complicated machinery of the factory had been evolved from simple tools, they might at least make a beginning toward that education which Dr. Dewey defines as "a continuing reconstruction of experience." They might also lay a foundation for reverence of the past which Goethe declares to be the basis of all sound progress.

My exciting walk on Polk Street was followed by many talks with Dr. Dewey and with one of the teachers in his school who was a resident at Hull-House. Within a month a room was fitted up to which we might invite those of our neighbors who were possessed of old crafts and who were eager to use them.

We found in the immediate neighborhood at least four varieties of these most primitive methods of spinning and three distinct variations of the same spindle in connection with wheels. It was possible to put these seven into historic sequence and order and to connect the whole with the present method of factory spinning. The same thing was done for weaving, and on every Saturday evening a little exhibit was made of these various forms of labor in the textile industry. Within one room a Syrian woman, a Greek, an Italian, a Russian, and an Irishwoman enabled even the

most casual observer to see that there is no break in orderly evolution if we look at history from the industrial standpoint; that industry develops similarly and peacefully year by year among the workers of each nation, heedless of differences in language, religion, and political experiences.

And then we grew ambitious and arranged lectures upon industrial history. I remember that after an interesting lecture upon the industrial revolution in England and a portrayal of the appalling conditions throughout the weaving districts of the north, which resulted from the hasty gathering of the weavers into the new towns, a Russian tailor in the audience was moved to make a speech. He suggested that whereas time had done much to alleviate the first difficulties in the transition of weaving from hand work to steam power, that in the application of steam to sewing we are still in our first stages, illustrated by the isolated woman who tries to support herself by hand needlework at home until driven out by starvation, as many of the hand weavers had been.

The historical analogy seemed to bring a certain comfort to the tailor, as did a chart upon the wall showing the infinitesimal amount of time that steam had been applied to manufacturing processes compared to the centuries of hand labor. Human progress is slow and perhaps never more cruel than in the advance of industry, but is not the worker comforted by knowing that other historical periods have existed similar to the one in which he finds himself, and that the readjustment may be shortened and alleviated by judicious action; and is he not entitled to the solace which an artistic portrayal of the situation might give him? I remember the evening of the tailor's speech that I felt reproached because no poet or artist has endeared the sweaters' victim to us as George Eliot has made us love the belated weaver, Silas Marner. The textile museum is connected directly with the basket weaving, sewing, millinery, embroidery, and dressmaking constantly being taught at Hull-House, and so far as possible with the other educational departments; we have also been able to make a collection of products, of early implements, and of photographs which are full of suggestion. Yet far beyond its direct educational value, we prize it because it so often puts the immigrants into the position of teachers, and we imagine that it affords them a pleasant change from the tutelage in which all Americans, including their own children, are so apt to hold them.

I recall a number of Russian women working in a sewing room near Hull-House, who heard one Christmas week that the House was going to give a party to which they might come. They arrived one afternoon, when, unfortunately, there was no party on hand and, although the residents did their best to entertain them with impromptu music and refreshments, it was quite evident that they

were greatly disappointed. Finally it was suggested that they be shown the Labor Museum--where gradually the thirty sodden, tired women were transformed. They knew how to use the spindles and were delighted to find the Russian spinning frame. Many of them had never seen the spinning wheel, which has not penetrated to certain parts of Russia, and they regarded it as a new and wonderful invention. They turned up their dresses to show their homespun petticoats; they tried the looms; they explained the difficulty of the old patterns; in short, from having been stupidly entertained, they themselves did the entertaining. Because of a direct appeal to former experiences, the immigrant visitors were able for the moment to instruct their American hostesses in an old and honored craft, as was indeed becoming to their age and experience.

In some such ways as these have the Labor Museum and the shops pointed out the possibilities which Hull-House has scarcely begun to develop, of demonstrating that culture is an understanding of the long-established occupations and thoughts of men, of the arts with which they have solaced their toil. A yearning to recover for the household arts something of their early sanctity and meaning arose strongly within me one evening when I was attending a Passover Feast to which I had been invited by a Jewish family in the neighborhood, where the traditional and religious significance of the woman's daily activity was still retained. The kosher food the Jewish mother spread before her family had been prepared according to traditional knowledge and with constant care in the use of utensils; upon her had fallen the responsibility to make all ready according to Mosaic instructions that the great crisis in a religious history might be fittingly set forth by her husband and son. Aside from the grave religious significance in the ceremony, my mind was filled with shifting pictures of woman's labor with which travel makes one familiar; the Indian women grinding grain outside of their huts as they sing praises to the sun and rain; a file of white-clad Moorish women whom I had once seen waiting their turn at a well in Tangiers; south Italian women kneeling in a row along the stream and beating their wet clothes against the smooth white stones; the milking, the gardening, the marketing in thousands of hamlets, which are such direct expressions of the solicitude and affection at the basis of all family life.

There has been some testimony that the Labor Museum has revealed the charm of woman's primitive activities. I recall a certain Italian girl who came every Saturday evening to a cooking class in the same building in which her mother spun in the Labor Museum exhibit; and yet Angelina always left her mother at the front door while she herself went around to a side door because she did not wish to be too closely identified in the eyes of the rest of

the cooking class with an Italian woman who wore a kerchief over her head, uncouth boots, and short petticoats. One evening, however, Angelina saw her mother surrounded by a group of visitors from the School of Education who much admired the spinning, and she concluded from their conversation that her mother was "the best stick-spindle spinner in America." When she inquired from me as to the truth of this deduction, I took occasion to describe the Italian village in which her mother had lived, something of her free life, and how, because of the opportunity she and the other women of the village had to drop their spindles over the edge of a precipice, they had developed a skill in spinning beyond that of the neighboring towns. I dilated somewhat on the freedom and beauty of that life--how hard it must be to exchange it all for a two-room tenement, and to give up a beautiful homespun kerchief for an ugly department store hat. I intimated it was most unfair to judge her by these things alone, and that while she must depend on her daughter to learn the new ways, she also had a right to expect her daughter to know something of the old ways.

That which I could not convey to the child, but upon which my own mind persistently dwelt, was that her mother's whole life had been spent in a secluded spot under the rule of traditional and narrowly localized observances, until her very religion clung to local sanctities--to the shrine before which she had always prayed, to the pavement and walls of the low vaulted church--and then suddenly she was torn from it all and literally put out to sea, straight away from the solid habits of her religious and domestic life, and she now walked timidly but with poignant sensibility upon a new and strange shore.

It was easy to see that the thought of her mother with any other background than that of the tenement was new to Angelina, and at least two things resulted; she allowed her mother to pull out of the big box under the bed the beautiful homespun garments which had been previously hidden away as uncouth; and she openly came into the Labor Museum by the same door as did her mother, proud at least of the mastery of the craft which had been so much admired.

A club of necktie workers formerly meeting at Hull-House persistently resented any attempt on the part of their director to improve their minds. The president once said that she "wouldn't be caught dead at a lecture," that she came to the club "to get some fun out of it," and indeed it was most natural that she should crave recreation after a hard day's work. One evening I saw the entire club listening to quite a stiff lecture in the Labor Museum and to my rather wicked remark to the president that I was surprised to see her enjoying a lecture, she replied that

she did not call this a lecture, she called this "getting next to the stuff you work with all the time." It was perhaps the sincerest tribute we have ever received as to the success of the undertaking.

The Labor Museum continually demanded more space as it was enriched by a fine textile exhibit lent by the Field Museum, and later by carefully selected specimens of basketry from the Philippines. The shops have finally included a group of three or four women, Irish, Italian, Danish, who have become a permanent working force in the textile department which has developed into a self-supporting industry through the sale of its homespun products.

These women and a few men, who come to the museum to utilize their European skill in pottery, metal, and wood, demonstrate that immigrant colonies might yield to our American life something very valuable, if their resources were intelligently studied and developed. I recall an Italian, who had decorated the doorposts of his tenement with a beautiful pattern he had previously used in carving the reredos of a Neapolitan church, who was "fired" by his landlord on the ground of destroying property. His feelings were hurt, not so much that he had been put out of his house, as that his work had been so disregarded; and he said that when people traveled in Italy they liked to look at wood carvings but that in America "they only made money out of you."

Sometimes the suppression of the instinct of workmanship is followed by more disastrous results. A Bohemian whose little girl attended classes at Hull-House, in one of his periodic drunken spells had literally almost choked her to death, and later had committed suicide when in delirium tremens. His poor wife, who stayed a week at Hull-House after the disaster until a new tenement could be arranged for her, one day showed me a gold ring which her husband had made for their betrothal. It exhibited the most exquisite workmanship, and she said that although in the old country he had been a goldsmith, in America he had for twenty years shoveled coal in a furnace room of a large manufacturing plant; that whenever she saw one of his "restless fits," which preceded his drunken periods, "coming on," if she could provide him with a bit of metal and persuade him to stay at home and work at it, he was all right and the time passed without disaster, but that "nothing else would do it." This story threw a flood of light upon the dead man's struggle and on the stupid maladjustment which had broken him down. Why had we never been told? Why had our interest in the remarkable musical ability of his child blinded us to the hidden artistic ability of the father? We had forgotten that a long-established occupation

may form the very foundations of the moral life, that the art with which a man has solaced his toil may be the salvation of his uncertain temperament.

There are many examples of touching fidelity to immigrant parents on the part of their grown children; a young man who day after day attends ceremonies which no longer express his religious convictions and who makes his vain effort to interest his Russian Jewish father in social problems; a daughter who might earn much more money as a stenographer could she work from Monday morning till Saturday night, but who quietly and docilely makes neckties for low wages because she can thus abstain from work Saturdays to please her father; these young people, like poor Maggie Tulliver, through many painful experiences have reached the conclusion that pity, memory, and faithfulness are natural ties with paramount claims.

This faithfulness, however, is sometimes ruthlessly imposed upon by immigrant parents who, eager for money and accustomed to the patriarchal authority of peasant households, hold their children in a stern bondage which requires a surrender of all their wages and concedes no time or money for pleasures.

There are many convincing illustrations that this parental harshness often results in juvenile delinquency. A Polish boy of seventeen came to Hull-House one day to ask a contribution of fifty cents "towards a flower piece for the funeral of an old Hull-House club boy." A few questions made it clear that the object was fictitious, whereupon the boy broke down and half-defiantly stated that he wanted to buy two twenty-five cent tickets, one for his girl and one for himself, to a dance of the Benevolent Social Twos; that he hadn't a penny of his own although he had worked in a brass foundry for three years and had been advanced twice, because he always had to give his pay envelope unopened to his father; "just look at the clothes he buys me" was his concluding remark.

Perhaps the girls are held even more rigidly. In a recent investigation of two hundred working girls it was found that only five per cent had the use of their own money and that sixty-two per cent turned in all they earned, literally every penny, to their mothers. It was through this little investigation that we first knew Marcella, a pretty young German girl who helped her widowed mother year after year to care for a large family of younger children. She was content for the most part although her mother's old-country notions of dress gave her but an infinitesimal amount of her own wages to spend on her clothes, and she was quite sophisticated as to proper dressing because she sold silk in a neighborhood department store. Her mother

approved of the young man who was showing her various attentions and agreed that Marcella should accept his invitation to a ball, but would allow her not a penny toward a new gown to replace one impossibly plain and shabby. Marcella spent a sleepless night and wept bitterly, although she well knew that the doctor's bill for the children's scarlet fever was not yet paid. The next day as she was cutting off three yards of shining pink silk, the thought came to her that it would make her a fine new waist to wear to the ball. She wistfully saw it wrapped in paper and carelessly stuffed into the muff of the purchaser, when suddenly the parcel fell upon the floor. No one was looking and quick as a flash the girl picked it up and pushed it into her blouse. The theft was discovered by the relentless department store detective who, for "the sake of example," insisted upon taking the case into court. The poor mother wept bitter tears over this downfall of her "frommes Madchen" and no one had the heart to tell her of her own blindness.

I know a Polish boy whose earnings were all given to his father who gruffly refused all requests for pocket money. One Christmas his little sisters, having been told by their mother that they were too poor to have any Christmas presents, appealed to the big brother as to one who was earning money of his own. Flattered by the implication, but at the same time quite impecunious, the night before Christmas he nonchalantly walked through a neighboring department store and stole a manicure set for one little sister and a string of beads for the other. He was caught at the door by the house detective as one of those children whom each local department store arrests in the weeks before Christmas at the daily rate of eight to twenty. The youngest of these offenders are seldom taken into court but are either sent home with a warning or turned over to the officers of the Juvenile Protective Association. Most of these premature law breakers are in search of Americanized clothing and others are only looking for playthings. They are all distracted by the profusion and variety of the display, and their moral sense is confused by the general air of openhandedness.

These disastrous efforts are not unlike those of many younger children who are constantly arrested for petty thieving because they are too eager to take home food or fuel which will relieve the distress and need they so constantly hear discussed. The coal on the wagons, the vegetables displayed in front of the grocery shops, the very wooden blocks in the loosened street paving are a challenge to their powers to help out at home. A Bohemian boy who was out on parole from the old detention home of the Juvenile Court itself, brought back five stolen chickens to the matron for Sunday dinner, saying that he knew the Committee were "having a hard time to fill up so many kids and perhaps

these fowl would help out." The honest immigrant parents, totally ignorant of American laws and municipal regulations, often send a child to pick up coal on the railroad tracks or to stand at three o'clock in the morning before the side door of a restaurant which gives away broken food, or to collect grain for the chickens at the base of elevators and standing cars. The latter custom accounts for the large number of boys arrested for breaking the seals on grain freight cars. It is easy for a child thus trained to accept the proposition of a junk dealer to bring him bars of iron stored in freight yards. Four boys quite recently had thus carried away and sold to one man two tons of iron.

Four fifths of the children brought into the Juvenile Court in Chicago are the children of foreigners. The Germans are the greatest offenders, Polish next. Do their children suffer from the excess of virtue in those parents so eager to own a house and lot? One often sees a grasping parent in the court, utterly broken down when the Americanized youth who has been brought to grief clings as piteously to his peasant father as if he were still a frightened little boy in the steerage.

Many of these children have come to grief through their premature fling into city life, having thrown off parental control as they have impatiently discarded foreign ways. Boys of ten and twelve will refuse to sleep at home, preferring the freedom of an old brewery vault or an empty warehouse to the obedience required by their parents, and for days these boys will live on the milk and bread which they steal from the back porches after the early morning delivery. Such children complain that there is "no fun" at home. One little chap who was given a vacant lot to cultivate by the City Garden Association insisted upon raising only popcorn and tried to present the entire crop to Hull-House "to be used for the parties," with the stipulation that he would have "to be invited every single time." Then there are little groups of dissipated young men who pride themselves upon their ability to live without working and who despise all the honest and sober ways of their immigrant parents. They are at once a menace and a center of demoralization. Certainly the bewildered parents, unable to speak English and ignorant of the city, whose children have disappeared for days or weeks, have often come to Hull-House, evincing that agony which fairly separates the marrow from the bone, as if they had discovered a new type of suffering, devoid of the healing in familiar sorrows. It is as if they did not know how to search for the children without the assistance of the children themselves. Perhaps the most pathetic aspect of such cases is their revelation of the premature dependence of the older and wiser upon the young and foolish, which is in itself often responsible for the situation because it has given the children an undue sense of their own importance and a false

security that they can take care of themselves.

On the other hand, an Italian girl who has had lessons in cooking at the public school will help her mother to connect the entire family with American food and household habits. That the mother has never baked bread in Italy--only mixed it in her own house and then taken it out to the village oven--makes all the more valuable her daughter's understanding of the complicated cooking stove. The same thing is true of the girl who learns to sew in the public school, and more than anything else, perhaps, of the girl who receives the first simple instruction in the care of little children--that skillful care which every tenement-house baby requires if he is to be pulled through his second summer. As a result of this teaching I recall a young girl who carefully explained to her Italian mother that the reason the babies in Italy were so healthy and the babies in Chicago were so sickly, was not, as her mother had firmly insisted, because her babies in Italy had goat's milk and her babies in America had cow's milk, but because the milk in Italy was clean and the milk in Chicago was dirty. She said that when you milked your own goat before the door, you knew that the milk was clean, but when you bought milk from the grocery store after it had been carried for many miles in the country, you couldn't tell whether it was fit for the baby to drink until the men from the City Hall who had watched it all the way said that it was all right.

Thus through civic instruction in the public schools, the Italian woman slowly became urbanized in the sense in which the word was used by her own Latin ancestors, and thus the habits of her entire family were modified. The public schools in the immigrant colonies deserve all the praise as Americanizing agencies which can be bestowed upon them, and there is little doubt that the fast-changing curriculum in the direction of the vacation-school experiments will react more directly upon such households.

It is difficult to write of the relation of the older and most foreign-looking immigrants to the children of other people--the Italians whose fruit-carts are upset simply because they are "dagoes," or the Russian peddlers who are stoned and sometimes badly injured because it has become a code of honor in a gang of boys to thus express their derision. The members of a Protective Association of Jewish Peddlers organized at Hull-House related daily experiences in which old age had been treated with such irreverence, cherished dignity with such disrespect, that a listener caught the passion of Lear in the old texts, as a platitude enunciated by a man who discovers in it his own experience thrills us as no unfamiliar phrases can possibly do. The Greeks are filled with amazed rage when their very name is flung at them as an opprobrious epithet. Doubtless these

difficulties would be much minimized in America, if we faced our own race problem with courage and intelligence, and these very Mediterranean immigrants might give us valuable help. Certainly they are less conscious than the Anglo-Saxon of color distinctions, perhaps because of their traditional familiarity with Carthage and Egypt. They listened with respect and enthusiasm to a scholarly address delivered by Professor Du Bois at Hull-House on a Lincoln's birthday, with apparently no consciousness of that race difference which color seems to accentuate so absurdly, and upon my return from various conferences held in the interest of "the advancement of colored people," I have had many illuminating conversations with my cosmopolitan neighbors.

The celebration of national events has always been a source of new understanding and companionship with the members of the contiguous foreign colonies not only between them and their American neighbors but between them and their own children. One of our earliest Italian events was a rousing commemoration of Garibaldi's birthday, and his imposing bust, presented to Hull-House that evening, was long the chief ornament of our front hall. It called forth great enthusiasm from the *connazionali* whom Ruskin calls, not the "common people" of Italy, but the "companion people" because of their power for swift sympathy.

A huge Hellenic meeting held at Hull-House, in which the achievements of the classic period were set forth both in Greek and English by scholars of well-known repute, brought us into a new sense of fellowship with all our Greek neighbors. As the mayor of Chicago was seated upon the right hand of the dignified senior priest of the Greek Church and they were greeted alternately in the national hymns of America and Greece, one felt a curious sense of the possibility of transplanting to new and crude Chicago some of the traditions of Athens itself, so deeply cherished in the hearts of this group of citizens.

The Greeks indeed gravely consider their traditions as their most precious possession and more than once in meetings of protest held by the Greek colony against the aggressions of the Bulgarians in Macedonia, I have heard it urged that the Bulgarians are trying to establish a protectorate, not only for their immediate advantage, but that they may claim a glorious history for the "barbarous country." It is said that on the basis of this protectorate, they are already teaching in their schools that Alexander the Great was a Bulgarian and that it will be but a short time before they claim Aristotle himself, an indignity the Greeks will never suffer!

To me personally the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of

Mazzini's birth was a matter of great interest. Throughout the world that day Italians who believed in a United Italy came together. They recalled the hopes of this man who, with all his devotion to his country was still more devoted to humanity and who dedicated to the workingmen of Italy, an appeal so philosophical, so filled with a yearning for righteousness, that it transcended all national boundaries and became a bugle call for "The Duties of Man." A copy of this document was given to every school child in the public schools of Italy on this one hundredth anniversary, and as the Chicago branch of the Society of Young Italy marched into our largest hall and presented to Hull-House an heroic bust of Mazzini, I found myself devoutly hoping that the Italian youth, who have committed their future to America, might indeed become "the Apostles of the fraternity of nations" and that our American citizenship might be built without disturbing these foundations which were laid of old time.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

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Sheppey

--The isle of Sheppey is quickly giving way to the sea, and if measures are not hereafter taken to remedy this, possibly in a century or two hence its name may be required to be obliterated from the map. Whole acres, with houses upon them, have been carried away in a single storm, while clay shallows, sprinkled with sand and gravel, which stretch a full mile beyond the verge of the cliff, over which the sea now sweeps, demonstrate the original area of the island. From the blue clay of which these cliffs are composed may be culled out specimens of all the fishes, fruits, and trees, which abounded in Britain before the birth of Noah; and the traveller may consequently handle fish which swam, and fruit which grew, in the days of the antediluvians, all now converted into sound stone, by the petrifying qualities of the soil in which they are imbedded. Here are lobsters, crabs, and nautili, presenting almost the same reality as those we now see crawling and floating about; branches of trees, too, in as perfect order as when lopped from their parent stems; and trunks of them, twelve feet in length and two or three diameter, fit, in all appearance, for the operations of the saw, with great varieties of fruits, resembling more those of tropical climates than of cold latitudes like ours, one species having a large kernel, with an adherent stalk, as complete as when newly plucked from the tree that produced it. An interesting collection of these relics of a former world may be seen at a watchmaker's on the cliff, at Margate,

including the most remarkable productions of the isle of Sheppey.

The Camelopard

As a live camelopard has been sent to London and another to Paris, the history and habits of these animals have excited some interest. At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, on the 2nd of July last, M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire observed that naturalists were wrong in supposing that there was only one species of the camelopard. The animal now in Paris differs from the Cape of Good Hope species by several essential anatomical characters, and he proposes to distinguish it by the name of the *Giraffe of Sennaar*, the country from which it comes. Some natives of Egypt having come to see the one in Paris in the costume of the country, the animal gave evident proofs of joy, and loaded them with caresses. This fact is explained by the circumstance that the Giraffe has an ardent affection for its Arabian keeper, and that it naturally is delighted with the sight of the turban and the costume of its keeper.

Some authors have proved the mildness and docility of the camelopard, while others represent it as incapable of being tamed. This difference is ascribed by M. Saint-Hilaire to difference of education. Four or five years ago a male Giraffe, extremely savage, was brought to Constantinople. The keeper of the present Giraffe had also the charge of this one, and he ascribes its savageness entirely to the manner in which it was treated. At the same time M. Mongez read a memoir on the testimony of ancient authors respecting the Giraffe. Moses is the first author who speaks of it. As Aristotle does not mention it, M. Mongez supposes that it was unknown to the Greeks, and that it did not then exist in Egypt, otherwise Aristotle, who travelled there, must have known about it. In the year 708 of Rome, Julius Caesar brought one to Europe, and the Roman emperors afterwards exhibited them at Rome, either for the games in the circus, or in their triumphs over the African princes. Albertus Magnus, in his *Treatise de Animalibus*, is the first modern author who speaks of the Giraffe. In 1486, one of the Medici family possessed one at Florence, where it lived for a considerable time.

In its native country the Giraffe browses on the twigs of trees, preferring plants of the *Mimosa* genus; but it appears that it can without inconvenience subsist on other vegetable food. The one kept at Florence fed on the fruits of the country, and chiefly on apples, which it begged from the inhabitants of the first storeys of the houses. The one now in Paris, from its having been accustomed in early life to the food prepared by the Arabs for their camels, is fed on mixed grains bruised, such as maize, barley, &c., and it is furnished with milk for drink morning and evening. It however willingly accepts fruits and the branches of the acacia which are presented to it. It seizes the leaves with its long rugous and narrow tongue by rolling it

about them, and seems annoyed when it is obliged to take any thing from the ground, which it seems to do with difficulty. To accomplish this it stretches first one, then the other of its long fore-legs asunder, and it is not till after repeated attempts that it is able to seize the objects with its lips and tongue.

The pace of the Giraffe is an amble, though when pursued it flies with extreme rapidity, but the small size of its lungs prevents it from supporting a lengthened chase. The Giraffe defends itself against the lion, its principal enemy, with its fore feet, with which it strikes with such force as often to repulse him. The specimen in the museum at Paris is about two years and a half old.

The name _Camelo-pardalis_ (camel-leopard) was given by the Romans to this animal, from a fancied combination of the characters of the camel and leopard; but its ancient denomination was _Zurapha_, from which the name Giraffe has been adopted.--_Brewster's Journal_.

Sugar.

About 3,700,000 cwt. of sugar are annually imported from the West Indies. An advance in price, therefore, of one penny per pound is a charge on the public of 1,726,600_l._ a year, being more than one-third of the gross amount of the duty levied at the Custom-house for the revenue.

Silk.

Lord Kingston has upwards of 30,000 mulberry-trees growing upon one estate in Ireland, and has already sent raw silk into the market.

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HONEY-BEES.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Humanity to Honey-Bees*, by Thomas Nutt

That branch of natural history which treats of INSECTS is called entomology. And Linnæus, the celebrated naturalist and botanist, and the father of the classification of animated and vegetable nature, has divided insects into seven orders; the fifth of which is termed hymenoptera, and includes all those insects that have four membranous, gauze-like wings, and that are furnished with a sting, or with a process resembling one. To this class the Honey-Bee belongs. It has, however, been so repeatedly described by naturalists and by apiarian authors, that

it would be difficult to say any thing respecting it as an insect merely that has not been said before. It is, moreover, so universally known, that it may seem to be a superfluous undertaking to attempt to describe it at all. As, however, my little work might be deemed to be imperfect without some account of it, I will present to my readers the substance of what appears to me to be a condensed, well-written article on the Bee. It is from Watkins' Cyclopædia.

There are, he says, and I believe it, fifty-five species of Bees. The general characteristics of the Bee are these:--its mouth has two jaws and a proboscis enfolded in a double sheath; its wings are four, the lower or under pair of which is smaller than the upper pair; in the anus of the female and working Bees is a concealed sting. Of the fifty-five species the HONEY-BEE--classically, or at any rate entomologically--*apis mellifica*, is the most interesting and important, and that with which I am directly concerned. Of this Bee there are three kinds--the Queen, the drone, and the working Bee; it is no more than justice to the draughtsman and to the engraver to say, the following are beautiful representations, except the head of the working Bee, which is too round.

The Drones are larger than the others; their heads are round, eyes foil, and their tongues short; they are also much darker and differ in the form of the belly; they have no sting, and they make a greater noise in flying than the common Bees. Generally speaking, they are found in hives from the beginning of May to the middle or latter end of July: sometimes they may be seen earlier, especially in good stocks; and sometimes their destruction does not take place till the middle of August, or even later. They neither collect honey nor wax. It has been supposed that their office is to impregnate the eggs of the Queen after they are deposited in the cells; but according to Mr. Bonner this supposition is a mistake. In this I agree with him, and beg to remark--that in no case is a supposition a proof. Bonner says that the Queen lays eggs which produce young Bees without any communication with the drones. He supports this position by the statement of several very exact experiments. In this opinion he is supported by the respectable evidence of Schirach. On the mysterious subject of the Queen's impregnation I am inclined to coincide in opinion with Huber, whose multiplied observations, and various and curious experiments, do render it highly probable that the Queen is impregnated by the drone, not whilst in the hive, but whilst flying in the air: but of this debatable subject more by and by.

The QUEEN-BEE is easily distinguished from other Bees by the form, size, and colour of her body. She is larger, longer at least, and her wings are shorter in proportion to her size than those of other Bees. The wings of drones and of common working Bees cover their bodies, but those of the Queen scarcely reach beyond the middle. Her hinder part tapers more than the corresponding part of other Bees, and is admirably adapted for the purpose of being introduced into the cells to deposit her eggs, which she

does without being incommoded by her wings, as she no doubt would be, were they long in proportion to the length of her body. Considering then the office she has to perform, the shortness of her wings and the length and tapering of her body are alike conveniences to her; her belly and legs are yellower, and her upper parts darker than those of other Bees. Though furnished with a sting, she very rarely uses it, and will bear being handled without being provoked. A young Queen is smaller than a full grown one. When three or four days old she is quick in her motions; but when impregnated she becomes heavy. The common or working Bees have the faculty or instinctive power of raising a Queen-Bee, when they are in want of one, from an egg in a common cell. To do this, they choose a common cell in which is an egg, and inject a thick, white, liquid matter from their proboscis, they then build on the edges of that particular cell and enlarge it; on the fifth day the royal maggot appears in the form of a semicircle, in which form it swims in the midst of the matter in the cell; and on the seventh day it is sealed up. During which period the embryo Queen undergoes various metamorphoses. On the fourteenth or fifteenth day afterwards it comes forth a perfect Queen-Bee. Schirach has discovered a method of multiplying Queen-Bees to almost any extent, and consequently of making artificial stocks. This can only be successfully accomplished when there are in a hive eggs, nymphs, and little maggots two or three days out of the cell, that is, when there is in a hive young brood in these three different stages of existence. When a Queen dies and the Bees are left without the means of raising another, that is--when there are no eggs nor young brood of a proper age in the hive, the Bees cease working, consume the honey, fly about at random, and if not supplied with another Queen, soon dwindle away; but if supplied with a new Queen, they revive, and exercise their labour with new and increased activity. The Queen is, as it were, the very soul of the hive. It has been computed that the ovary of the Queen contains above 5000 eggs at once, and that in the space of two months she may produce 10 or 12,000 Bees. I am inclined to think that this computation is too-limited: from what I have witnessed in my observatory-hive this summer (1832), I am led to conclude that a fertile Queen is capable of laying far more than the beforementioned number of eggs in the space of two months.

The _working Bees_ are considerably smaller than either the drones or the Queen. They, like the others, have four wings, which enable them to fly with heavy loads. They have six legs, of which the two foremost are the shortest, and with these they discharge themselves of their loads. The two last or hindmost are the largest, and on the outside of the middle joint of these is a cavity in which the Bees collect the materials for wax, which materials they carry home to their hives; this hollow is peculiar to the working Bee. Each foot terminates in two hooks. The honey-bladder is of the size of a small pea, and very transparent. The sting is horny and hollow, through which the poison is ejected. The wound inflicted by it is mortal to many insects; and instances are not wanting of horses and cows having been stung to death by Bees. When the sting is left in the wound, and being barbed it commonly is left there, the Bee

that loses it dies in consequence.

With regard to the age of Bees, the drones have a short life, being destroyed annually by the working Bees; these--the workers--are supposed by some to live but one year, but others are of opinion that they live several years: those of them that escape a premature death will live, if I mistake not, three or four years, or even longer. I once clipped one of the wings of a Queen so that I could identify her, in case I should ever meet with her again: I then returned her to her hive, and had the good fortune to see her several times afterwards during three successive years. Of course she lived more than three years. What became of her at last I do not know; nor whether she may not still survive I do not know. If, however, working Bees be as long-lived as Queen-Bees, and I think it will be difficult to assign a good reason why they should not, they may live to be three or four years of age, and perhaps more than that. The ample provision they make for life seems to me to be a natural indication that they expect at least to live to have occasion for it. Sometimes fierce, destructive battles take place between the Bees of different hives in an apiary, and when the Queen of one hive is killed, the war ceases, and the surviving Bees of the two hives unite and become one peaceable stock.

Some apiarians have obtained an extraordinary command over Bees, particularly Mr. Wildman, who could entice a whole swarm to settle just where he pleased--on his chin, on his head, on his hand, or on any particular branch of a tree; but these feats, so surprising to the beholders, he effected, as any other dexterous person may, by getting possession of the Queen-Bee, and placing her where he intended the Bees should settle; for it is a well-ascertained fact, that such is the attachment of Bees to their Queen, that they will congregate around her, and, as far as they can, protect her in whatever situation they find her. Were the attachment and allegiance of all subjects to their legitimate sovereigns thus true and powerful, it would, as Sterne says, be something!

In working the Bees are said by some, whose sayings are perhaps more fanciful than correct, in the following instance at least;--it has, however, been said--that in working the Bees form themselves into four companies, one of which roves the fields in search of materials for the hive, another is employed in laying out the bottoms and partitions of the cells, the third in smoothing the inside from the corners and angles, and the fourth in bringing food for the rest. According to this account some are labourers, others are builders, others finishers, and others purveyors. As there is no difference in the formation of the workers, I see no reason for assigning them any particular task or sort of work, nor do I think the allotment of labour just mentioned rests upon any other foundation than that of vague conjecture. Their diligence, however, and activity, are so great, that in a favourable day they will make cells which lie on each other, sufficient to contain some thousands of Bees. To keep their habitations--their hives, close and tight, they make

use of a resinous gum, which the ancients called, and which is still called-- propolis . This substance is at first soft and pliable, but becomes firmer every day; when it has acquired its proper consistency, it is harder than wax and is an excellent cement. They guard against the entrance of ants and other inimical insects into their hive, by gluing or filling up with this propolis the smallest inlets; and with it they fasten the edge of their hive to its floor in a very secure manner. Some Bees stand as sentinels, and mount guard, as it were, to prevent the intrusion of strangers and enemies. But if a snail, or other reptile, or any large insect, forces its way into the hive, they first kill it, and then coat it over with propolis, to prevent being annoyed by the noisome smell, or by the maggots which might proceed from its putrefaction, if left to putrefy. Bees can perceive the approach of bad weather; for when black clouds are in the sky indicating rain, they immediately hurry home with the greatest speed; and when to the eye of man there is no visible token of a sudden shower or other immediate change from fine weather to foul, Bees are aware of it, and by their sudden, hurried return to their hives, are the first to prognosticate a change as near; nor, often as I have observed them, have I ever found them wrong in this respect. The manner in which Bees rest when they settle, after having swarmed, and frequently in the hive also, is by collecting themselves into a cluster and hanging to each other by the hooks of their feet. When the weather has been warm I have frequently seen them, presently after being admitted into an end-box, hang in catkins or ropes: this they no doubt do to cool themselves the more. To view the Bees suspended from one another in these single ropes is a natural curiosity well worth attention. The flight of Bees when swarming is singularly rapid and most extraordinary: during some minutes after having risen into the air, they dart across each other in every conceivable direction, wheel round and shoot through the merry crowd again, again wheel round and again dart through; and notwithstanding the very limited space within which they confine their gambols on these occasions, they never seem to come in contact or to clash with each other; though animated and excited to a degree of apparently frantic ovation, I never have observed one Bee fall foul of another, and this it is that strikes me as being wonderful. The balls attached to the legs of Bees returning to the hives, consist of a powder gathered from the stamina of flowers, not yet brought to the state of wax. The Bee, when it enters the cup of the flower, rolls itself till its whole body is covered with the yellow farina that is therein. It then brushes off this powdery farina with its hind legs, and kneads it into two balls or small pellets, loaded with which it returns to the hive. Bees powdered all over with farina may frequently be seen entering their hive: the Bees thus covered carry their loads upon their whole bodies, without the labour of packing them upon their thighs. Probably when farina is collected in the immediate vicinity of their hives, Bees may have the wisdom (I know not what else it can be properly called) to save themselves the labour of brushing and making it into pellets. Some authors hold that this substance is eaten by degrees, and being digested in the body of the Bee, that it becomes wax,--or that by some peculiar

process it certainly is converted into wax,--and that when there is a superfluous quantity of this undigested, or unmanufactured matter, it is laid up in store, and is called _Bee-bread_. For my part I am of opinion that farina is stored up purely as Bee-bread and food for the young brood, and that _it enters not into the composition of wax_. The material of which wax is formed I take to be quite distinct from farina--a material of a different nature.

The following account of a working Bee appeared in the Farmers' Journal some time ago, I subjoin it, because, in some respects, it is more particular than that just given; but in one thing it is deficient--it makes no mention of the eyes--the two luminaries or lights of the body. The eyes of Bees are of an oblong figure, black like jet, transparent and immoveable.

BEE, says the Farmers' Journal, a small and well-known insect, famous for its industry. This useful and laborious insect is divided by two ligaments into three parts or portions,--the head, the breast, and the belly. The head is armed with two jaws and a trunk, the former of which play like two jaws, opening and shutting to the right and left; the trunk is long and tapering, and at the same time extremely pliant and flexible, being destined by nature for the insect to probe to the bottom of the flowers, through all the impediments of their chives and foliage, and drain them of their treasured sweets: but were this trunk to be always extended, it would prove incommodious, and be liable to be injured by a thousand accidents; it is therefore of such a structure, that after the performance of its necessary functions, it may be contracted, or rather folded up; and besides this, it is fortified against all injuries by four strong scales, two of which closely sheath it, and the two others, whose cavities and dimensions are larger, encompass the whole. From the middle-part or breast of the Bee grow the legs, which are six in number; and at the extremity of the paws are two little hooks, discernible by the microscope, which appear like sickles, with their points opposite to each other.

The wings are four, two greater and two smaller, which not only serve to transport them through the air, but, by the noise they make, to give notice of their departure and arrival, and to animate them mutually to their labours. The hairs, with which the whole body is covered, are of singular use in retaining the small dust that falls from the chives of the flowers. The belly of the Bee consists of six rings, which slide over one another, and may therefore be lengthened or contracted at pleasure; and the inside of this part of the body contains the intestines,--the bag of honey,--the bag of poison,--and the sting. The office of the intestines is the same as in other animals. The bag of honey is transparent as crystal, containing the sweet juices extracted from the flowers, which the Bee discharges into the cells of the magazine for the support of the community in winter.

The bag of poison hangs at the root of the sting, through the cavity of which, as through a pipe, the Bee ejects some drops of this venomous liquor into the wound made by the sting, and so renders the pain more excessive. The mechanism of the sting is admirable, being composed of two darts, inclosed within a sheath that tapers into a fine point, near which is an opening to let out the poison; the two darts are ejected through another aperture, which being armed with several sharp beards, like those of fish-hooks, are not easily drawn back again by the Bee; and indeed she never disengages them if the wounded party happens to start and put her in confusion; but if, when stung, one can have patience to continue calm and unmoved, the stinging Bee clinches those lateral points round the shaft of the dart, by which means she recovers her weapon, and gives less pain to the person stung.

FOR THE STING OF A BEE.

The poisonous liquor which the stinging Bee infuses into the wound causes a fermentation, attended with a swelling, which continues sometimes several days; but that may be prevented by immediately pulling out the sting, and enlarging the puncture, to let the venomous matter have room to escape.

Many nostrums have been recommended as cures--_infallible cures_, of course--for the sting of a Bee, a few of which I will just mention; premising, however, that I myself never make use of any of them; for, if by chance a Bee happens to sting me, which is very rarely indeed the case, though I never so much as cover my face, nor even put on a pair of gloves, when operating among thousands and tens of thousands of Bees, I extract the sting instanter, and never afterwards experience the least pain, nor suffer the slightest inconvenience. But, if the sting be suffered to remain in the flesh, during a few seconds only, it is not very easy to stop the inflammation and to allay the pain. An onion cut horizontally into thin slices, and pressed closely to the wounded part, and renewed at short intervals, has been accounted a good application. If the part stung be first well-rubbed with one of those slices, that would perhaps have a soothing effect. The juice of the plantain is also said to be a specific; olive oil is another; so is common salt; so is laudanum; so is spirits of hartshorn; so is a solution of sal ammoniac; and so is chalk or whitening.

The DOCTOR (and who so likely to prescribe properly for the case as the Doctor?) says[F] "common whitening proves an effectual remedy against the effects of the sting of a Bee or wasp. The whitening is to be moistened with cold water, and immediately applied. It may be washed off in a few minutes, when neither pain nor swelling will ensue."

[Footnote F: See "The Doctor," page 15.]

In "The Apiarian's Guide, by J. H. Payne," published since the first edition of this work, I find the following novel mode of treatment recommended as "almost a perfect cure," and which is said to be "as immediate as it is effectual." "The method I (J. H. Payne, Esq.) have of late adopted, by which the pain is instantly removed, and both the swelling and inflammation prevented, is to pull out the sting as soon as possible, and take a piece of iron and heat it in the fire, or for want of that, take a live coal, (if of wood the better, because it lasts longer) and hold it as near to the place as I can possibly endure it, for five minutes; if from this application a sensation of heat (quere heat) should be occasioned, a little oil of turpentine or goulard cerate must be applied.

"I have found the quicker the application, the more effectual the cure."[G]

[Footnote G: See the Apiarian's Guide, pp. 58, 59.]

Pressure with the hollowed end of a small key, or with a pencil-case, is practised by some unfortunates, and is said to check the circulation of the poison.

This last mode of treatment--i. e. pressure with a small key, or pencil-case--the smaller the better--is the simplest, and, if immediately adopted, is I believe the very best: but its efficacy depends upon the instant application of the key or pencil-case to the part stung, by which the poisonous matter is not only prevented from being absorbed into the system, but the puncture is laid open, and the virus thereby expressed and entirely got rid of more readily than by any other means.

Accidents may sometimes happen, and the most cautious and humane apiarian may occasionally receive a sting; but gentle treatment does not irritate Bees; and when not irritated they have no disposition to use their stings.

KRAKATOA (KRAKATAO, KRAKATAU),

a small volcanic island in Sunda Strait, between the islands of Java and Sumatra, celebrated for its eruption in 1883, one of the most stupendous ever recorded. At some early period a large volcano rose in the centre of the tract where the Sunda Strait now runs. Long before any European had visited these waters an explosion took place by which the mountain was so completely blown away that only the outer portions of its base were left as a broken ring of islands. Subsequent eruptions gradually built up a new series of small cones within the great crater ring. Of these the most important rose to a

height of 2623 ft. above the sea and formed the peak of the volcanic island of Krakatoa. But compared with the great neighbouring volcanoes of Java and Sumatra, the islets of the Sunda Strait were comparatively unknown. Krakatoa was uninhabited, and no satisfactory map or chart of it had been made. In 1680 it appears to have been in eruption, when great earthquakes took place and large quantities of pumice were ejected. But the effects of this disturbance had been so concealed by the subsequent spread of tropical vegetation that the very occurrence of the eruption had sometimes been called in question. At last, about 1877, earthquakes began to occur frequently in the Sunda Strait and continued for the next few years. In 1883 the manifestations of subterranean commotion became more decided, for in May Krakatoa broke out in eruption. For some time the efforts of the volcano appear to have consisted mainly in the discharge of pumice and dust, with the usual accompaniment of detonations and earthquakes. But on the 26th of August a succession of paroxysmal explosions began which lasted till the morning of the 28th. The four most violent took place on the morning of the 27th. The whole of the northern and lower portion of the island of Krakatoa, lying within the original crater ring of prehistoric times, was blown away; the northern part of the cone of Rakata almost entirely disappeared, leaving a vertical cliff which laid bare the inner structure of that volcano. Instead of the volcanic island which had previously existed, and rose from 300 to 1400 ft. above the sea, there was now left a submarine cavity, the bottom of which was here and there more than 1000 ft. below the sea-level. This prodigious evisceration was the result of successive violent explosions of the superheated vapour absorbed in the molten magma within the crust of the earth. The vigour and repetition of these explosions, it has been suggested, may have been caused by sudden inrushes of the water of the ocean as the throat of the volcano was cleared and the crater ring was lowered and ruptured. The access of large bodies of cold water to the top of the column of molten lava would probably give rise at once to some minor explosions, and then to a chilling of the surface of the lava and a consequent temporary diminution or even cessation of the volcanic eructations. But until the pent-up water-vapour in the lava below had found relief it would only gather strength until it was able to burst through the chilled crust and overlying water, and to hurl a vast mass of cooled lava, pumice and dust into the air.

The amount of material discharged during the two days of paroxysmal energy was enormous, though there are no satisfactory data for even approximately estimating it. A large cavity was formed where the island had previously stood, and the sea-bottom around this crater was covered with a wide and thick sheet of fragmentary materials. Some of the surrounding islands received such a thick accumulation of ejected stones and dust as to bury their forests and greatly to increase the area of the land. So much was the sea filled up that a number of new islands rose above its level. But a vast body of the fine dust was carried far and wide by aerial currents, while the floating pumice was transported

for many hundreds of miles on the surface of the ocean. At Batavia, 100 m. from the centre of eruption, the sky was darkened by the quantity of ashes borne across it, and lamps had to be used in the houses at midday. The darkness even reached as far as Bandung, a distance of nearly 150 miles. It was computed that the column of stones, dust and ashes projected from the volcano shot up into the air for a height of 17 m. or more. The finer particles coming into the higher layers of the atmosphere were diffused over a large part of the surface of the earth, and showed their presence by the brilliant sunset glows to which they gave rise. Within the tropics they were at first borne along by air-currents at an estimated rate of about 73 m. an hour from east to west, until within a period of six weeks they were diffused over nearly the whole space between the latitudes 30° N. and 45° S. Eventually they spread northwards and southwards and were carried over North and South America, Europe, Asia, South Africa and Australasia. In the Old World they spread from the north of Scandinavia to the Cape of Good Hope.

Another remarkable result of this eruption was the world-wide disturbance of the atmosphere. The culminating paroxysm on the morning of the 27th of August gave rise to an atmospheric wave or oscillation, which, travelling outwards from the volcano as a centre, became a great circle at 180° from its point of origin, whence it continued travelling onwards and contracting till it reached a node at the antipodes to Krakatoa. It was then reflected or reproduced, travelling backwards again to the volcano, whence it once more returned in its original direction. "In this manner its repetition was observed not fewer than seven times at many of the stations, four passages having been those of the wave travelling from Krakatoa, and three those of the wave travelling from its antipodes, subsequently to which its traces were lost" (Sir R. Strachey).

The actual sounds of the volcanic explosions were heard over a vast area, especially towards the west. Thus they were noticed at Rodriguez, nearly 3000 English miles away, at Bangkok (1413 m.), in the Philippine Islands (about 1450 m.), in Ceylon (2058 m.) and in West and South Australia (from 1300 to 2250 m.). On no other occasion have sound-waves ever been perceived at anything like the extreme distances to which the detonations of Krakatoa reached.

Not less manifest and far more serious were the effects of the successive explosions of the volcano upon the waters of the ocean. A succession of waves was generated which appear to have been of two kinds, long waves with periods of more than an hour, and shorter but higher waves, with irregular and much briefer intervals. The greatest disturbance, probably resulting from a combination of both kinds of waves, reached a height of about 50 ft. The destruction caused by the rush of such a body of sea-water along the coasts and low islands was enormous. All vessels lying in harbour or near the shore were stranded, the towns, villages and settlements close to the sea were either at

once, or by successive inundations, entirely destroyed, and more than 36,000 human beings perished. The sea-waves travelled to vast distances from the centre of propagation. The long wave reached Cape Horn (7818 geographical miles) and possibly the English Channel (11,040 m.). The shorter waves reached Ceylon and perhaps Mauritius (2900 m.).

See R. D. M. Verbeek, *_Krakatau_* (Batavia, 1886); "The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena," *_Report of the Krakatoa Committee of the Royal Society_* (London, 1888).

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TAKING A CLOSER LOOK - A DAY AT DEVILS TOWER

By Greg Beaumont

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Devils Tower National Monument, Wyoming*, by National Park Service

Pouring a mug of boiled coffee, I wait for the sun to make its appearance. The cup steams in the damp, cool morning air. Shivering, I press both hands to the heat the thick porcelain holds.

The sky begins to purple, and stars dim perceptibly. Through the campground cottonwoods, the immense, shadow-black bulk of the Tower materializes against the sky. It is possible now to discern the flight of bats overhead. But, in an instant, their swirling, night-long ballet vanishes with the darkness.

From my campsite along the Belle Fourche—this narrow, meandering river the French fur trappers named “the beautiful branch”—I listen to the first sounds of the day. Across the river a great horned owl protests the morning’s swift advance. Coming through the veil of river fog, its haunting, pervasive *_hoo-hoo-hoooo_* is enough to freeze the blood of cottontails.

Even before the first hint of light, robins had begun to sing softly. In these unhurried morning songs they prove themselves thrushes. With the increasing light, the growing blend of wren, vireo, and thrasher music intensifies. These soft phrasings soon quicken into proclamations of territory, and meadowlarks, mourning doves, and yellowthroats compete across thicket, river, and meadow, their singing seemingly sharpened for distance and authority.

Nearby, a cottontail grazes on the dew-bent grass. It pauses occasionally, pointing its ears and working its nostrils in my direction. Three whitetail deer continue their cautious single-file approach, heading from the river bottom toward the higher ground of the

prairie dog town. Crossing the campground, they repeatedly stop to inspect their surroundings. A log snaps and whistles in my fire, bringing their heads about in immediate, almost mechanical unison. Deliberately the lead animal lifts its tail to expose its white, silent signal of danger, and all three step smartly away as if in time to a fast metronome.

Direct sunlight spotlights the Tower. As though to challenge the sudden appearance of a gigantic, equally yellow competitor, a meadowlark takes wing, singing its loud, clear claim over the prairie dog town. Dawn is announced, the day begun.

The level rays of the sun accentuate the Tower's vertical polygonal columns. The stark contrast of light and shadow imparted by the graceful taperings of the soaring, many-sided columns give the Tower a man-made look. In this light it resembles the ruin of a stupendous ancient temple, not the casual result of some remote geological event.

Sipping the strong coffee, I wonder at the long procession of vanished Indian societies that camped and hunted here periodically through the centuries. These ancient peoples devised various stories to explain such an unusual landmark. And yet what science now says about the creation of Devils Tower would have seemed to those tribes as fantastic as their legends of a gargantuan bear gouging the rock seem to us today. Minor uncertainties remain, but geologists have pieced together a rough picture of the Tower's probable origin. Some 60 million years ago, great Earth stresses began to deform the crust of the continent, resulting in the uplifting of the Rocky Mountains and Great Plains region. As the surface rock layers began to crumple and fault, magma from deep inside the Earth welled up into many of the resulting gaps and fissures. In many places on the continent, spectacular volcanoes formed, erupting with explosive force.

As the Rockies were being created, the climate of the continent's interior began to change. The long reign of the dinosaurs that had presided over a stable, tropical landscape was coming to an end. The climate was gradually becoming cooler and drier. Doubtless the immense volumes of volcanic ash ejected into the atmosphere prevented a percentage of solar heat from reaching the Earth. Certainly the rise of the Rocky Mountains to the west influenced the old weather patterns. As the mountain blocks rose higher, they intercepted the warm, moist winds that blew inland from the Pacific. With the air masses rising ever higher, more and more of the moisture that had watered the extensive inland Cretaceous forests and swamplands was prevented from reaching what we know today as the Great Plains.

Steadily the forests retreated eastward as the "rain shadow" cast by the mountains extended eastward, shutting off the moist, warm Pacific winds. No longer moderated by these winds, the mid-continent was increasingly

opened to seasonal invasions of northern arctic air. Newer ecosystems, such as deserts and grasslands, slowly evolved to replace the lush forests and swamps that had for so long sustained the dinosaurs. Just as drought, fire, and temperature extremes began to alter the old order in the plant kingdom, so did the more adaptable mammals and birds begin to replace reptiles as dominant animal forms.

But not all the magma that welled upward during this restless period reached the Earth's surface. Extensive masses were trapped far below the surface, where they gradually cooled and congealed. The Missouri Buttes and Devils Tower, however, are believed to be necks of extinct volcanoes. Geologic evidence indicates the Missouri Buttes formed first in two separate eruptions. The magma hardened, plugging the plumbing underneath. A third eruption to the southeast resulted in Devils Tower.

During the ensuing tens of millions of years, the gradual erosion of the overlying rock strata revealed these intruded plugs of volcanic rock. Since this dense, hard igneous rock resists erosion much better than the surrounding sedimentary rock, these formations will continue to stand out as features.

That ancient land of sedimentary rock through which the molten mass of Devils Tower penetrated may at one time have been as high as the golden eagle I now see drifting high above the Tower. Circling slowly in its morning hunt, the eagle spirals upward on the currents of warm air rising off the sun-heated rock. Perhaps it now soars at the elevation of the land long ago when the heavy, ringing-hard rock of Devils Tower oozed like paste far below the surface.

Today the top of the Tower is 386 meters (1,267 feet) above the Belle Fourche River. If that warm, Cretaceous landscape rested 600 meters (2,000 feet) above the present summit of the Tower, then more than 900 vertical meters (3,000 feet) of sedimentary rock has been pared away in the last 60 million years.

The relentless physical agents of erosion—running water, wind, and frost action—together with chemical breakdown of rock particles, continue to alter the landform. Given enough time, even the very hard rock of the Tower itself will waste away.

Sixty million years ago, when dinosaurs Triceratops and Tyrannosaurus Rex duelled beside the lush river banks of the predecessor of the Belle Fourche, the ancestor of the golden eagle was flying overhead. Millions of years hence, a descendant of the eagle might soar above this same Wyoming landscape. Missing will be the unique shaft of fluted rock we call Devils Tower. And what of the men, who for a mere eyeblink of time, hunted in its shadow or came to wonder at its somber countenance in the morning sun?

The Tower's Geological Story

A _thwack_ of an ax against wood puts an end to my daydreaming. My companion the cottontail hops for cover. The pair of magpies that have been feeding on the remains of a road-killed ground squirrel flash upward to safety. The gradual awakening of campground life inspires woodpeckers to hammer in the cottonwoods, and a yellow-breasted chat adds its odd jibber to the collected noise.

Gathering up knapsack and camera. I start my hike to the Tower. Already the sash of river fog has lifted and the air warmed to shirtsleeve comfort. From somewhere on the red cliffs that gown the Tower's base, the faint singing of a rock wren beckons. Ahead lie 13 kilometers (8 miles) of trail, looping through a mosaic of sights, sounds, and smells of grassland, pine forest, woodland, and river.

From Dog Town to Ant Colony

Leaving the campground, I follow the trail that leads through the prairie dog town. The prairie dogs stand upright as I approach. The ones nearest the path begin their warning call, a monotonous “_churk-churk-churk-churk_.” The closer an intruder comes, the lower the animals sink into their holes, and the faster and shriller the chant becomes. Finally, with a last flick of its nervously twitching tail, each disappears into the safety of its burrow.

Prairie dogs, like the bison that once shared their vast range, are now reduced to remnant populations. Two hundred years ago, there were billions of prairie dogs on the shortgrass plains; these large ground squirrels had successfully adapted themselves to the harsh conditions. Perfect digging machines, they escape most predators and the extremes of the weather by spending more than half their lives underground.

The prairie dogs near the road do not even bother to sound a warning as I approach. They seem to be different creatures from the wild, suspicious animals farther from the road. Laconic and fat from handouts, more curious than cautious, they approach rather than retreat. These animals are easier targets for the redtail hawk that is screaming above the river timber, or the golden eagle that sails high overhead.

Across the road, the trail leaves the grassland of the prairie dogs and climbs steeply among ponderosa pines. Already the sun grows hot. At the edge of the forest, I stop to rest and survey the landscape before me. Spread out below, and now shimmering with sundance heat, the buff-colored dog town stands out in stark contrast with its darker, greener surroundings.

Although I sit only 30 meters (100 feet) or so above the dog town, I am struck by what my vantage point reveals: a clear patchwork of life communities. The loop of the Belle Fourche and the June-bright leaves of the deciduous trees lining its course provide a bright counterpart to the somber, pine-scattered ridge beyond. Just a short distance away the ponderosas appear more black than green. It was just such a quality that gave the distant, pine-covered mountain range to the east the name Black Hills.

From where I sit, the lobe of the level bench of land that juts into the river looks as if it were graded and maintained by man, for its close-cropped vegetation contrasts greatly with the rugged ridge beyond. But this old floodplain was graded level by the river, and prairie dogs, not machines, clip the vegetation.

This small area of grassland, sandwiched between the base of the Tower and the encircling river, supports a surprising amount of life. Yet from all appearances, it would seem as if the multitude of prairie dogs would soon denude their patch of land and die of starvation. In contrast to the surrounding territory, the vegetation of the dog town appears exhausted.

Indeed, today's empty plains give few hints of what a crowded stage the shortgrass plains once was. Before the coming of the white man, the grasslands teemed with bison, pronghorn, wapiti—named buffalo, antelope, and elk respectively by European settlers—and sprawling towns of prairie dogs. Astounded early observers, accustomed to the lush flora of the eastern woodlands, could not imagine how so many animals could survive in such a parched-looking land.

The secret is the grass itself. Whether tinder dry in midsummer or dead in winter, the grass blades remain highly nutritious. Grass plants can withstand repeated grazing and fires since new growth progresses from the stem joints rather than from the tips.

A Glimpse of Life on the Top

In addition, most plains animals contend with the semi-arid conditions of their environment by making efficient use of available moisture. Pronghorn, prairie dogs, and kangaroo rats, for example, need never take a drink since they obtain necessary water from the plants they eat. Such plant and animal adaptations explain why the shortgrass plains can sustain such a vast panorama of life.

From a tall pine upslope, a red squirrel chatters with indignation at discovering my intrusion into its domain. The bell-like song of a rock wren answers from an outcrop nearby. The small gray bird appears atop a

boulder, motionless but for an instant, then hops down to resume its search for insects among the bright, arid cliffs it claims for its own.

I realize that I am seeing more than scenery here. All around me are boundaries—conspicuous where defined by plants, but invisible where respected by animals. No prairie dog has ever traveled across this slope, and no red squirrel has ever scurried into the treeless expanse of the prairie dog town. On no occasion would a rock wren enter the deep pine forest. Should its food supply somehow vanish, it would perish among the bare earth and gully washes of its own habitat rather than hunt the dog town or forest floor.

Each animal species is adapted to the conditions of its preferred environment. The prairie dog and red squirrel have similar roles in their respective habitats, as do the meadowlark in the grassland, the house wren in the deciduous woodlands, the rock wren on barren slopes, and the brilliant western tanager of the pine forests that is calling “_pit-ik, pit-ik, pit-ik_” from a branch overhead.

Whether herbivore, carnivore, scavenger, or decomposer, all of the countless, magnificently varied life-forms of each community share in the endless flow of chemical energy that originates with the touch of sun on chlorophyll. Eagle, prairie dog, bacterium, man—we all owe our lives, directly or indirectly, to the green leaf’s unique ability to convert light energy into chemical energy.

So does this colony of black ants foraging near my feet. Back and forth the living lines run, each individual obeying its ancient, perfected legacy of instinct. One carries aloft the bright green corpse of a lacewing. With a little last-minute help from fellow workers, the ant carries its burden down into the nest hole. With its powerful jaws, another ant tugs the brittle remains of a once formidable foe—a jumping spider. So intent is the ant in its labor, it fails to avoid a deadly trap, however. In the soft ground along the margins of the trail is a craterfield of funnel-shaped pits. At the bottom of each, hidden just below the soil, waits quick death in the form of jaws even stronger than the ant’s. These insects, called antlions, are the larval stages of the equally voracious tiger-beetle.

Having tipped its load over the rim of the funnel, the ant disengages itself and attempts to crawl up the incline and get to the other side of the spider to pull it out again. But the loose soil particles offer little traction and the ant begins to slip. Frantic, it works its legs faster, making it slide downward more quickly. Alerted now by vibrations from the struggling insect, a hidden antlion waits its moment to strike. When the ant touches bottom, the hooked jaws appear, snapping once, twice, and finally closing shut about the thorax of its prey.

In a moment, all is over, the ant dragged beneath the soil at the bottom

of the crater. The corpse of the spider, part way down the incline, is occasionally investigated by other passing ants. But the ants at the lip of the trap seem to sense the danger and leave the stranded prize alone. Other antlions, at the bottom of their expertly engineered traps, lie hidden from the passing parade of life above. Obeying their own instinct messages, they need only wait to survive.

A disturbance in the dog town starts the animals to barking and scurrying in every direction toward their burrows. Two figures from the campground have appeared up the incline. Their determined stride and the coils of rope at their shoulders suggest that the Tower's summit may well be explored again today.

Already tall cumulus clouds, the beginnings of thunderheads, are building along the eastern horizon. A gust of hot air from the sun-baked ground below rushes into the pines, making the branches whizz into motion. A pine cone bounds against rock, setting the red squirrel to chattering again. I head for the Tower Trail, leaving behind the ant colony's ordered turbulence and the view of the deserted dog town dancing in the sun.

Eye of the Falcon

At the juncture with the Red Beds Trail, I decide to follow the longer circuit of the Tower. The higher, shorter Tower Trail, which bracelets the rock-strewn base, can be picked up at the Visitor Center, where this trail ends. Folding the map, I hear the climbers approach.

"Good morning."

The girl's smile does not soften the concentrated expression all climbers wear before ascent.

"Which way are you going?" I ask, trying to conceal my lack of knowledge about any of the routes and knowing full well I would never venture what they are about to do.

"Left arm of the south face this time," says the man. He obviously does not desire the delay of conversation but does volunteer that he had made several climbs the summer he worked here.

I hold them with another question: is there anything interesting on top?

"Terrific view. Grass on the summit; lots of chipmunks; once a rattlesnake was sighted. Well, we better get moving."

"Good luck," I call after them. The expression seems a lame wish for rock climbers. Soon they are brightly clad specks weaving through the

trees. Looking up at the summit that towers above them, I wonder how a chipmunk or snake could have possibly gotten there—perhaps only by escaping the talons of an eagle or hawk. But could that happen?

More than 1,000 ascents of Devils Tower are now made each year. The almost casual manner in which experienced climbers regard the structure—often scaling it to keep in shape for “difficult” climbs—would have astounded early explorers, who regarded it as unscalable.

Shrill, rapid cries of a prairie falcon echo from the Tower wall. Although hidden from my view by the pines, its circling flight is revealed by its bursts of screams. It scolds the climbers who are now pressing upward and perhaps invading the security of its nest site. But the commotion soon dies away, indicating that the sharp-eyed falcon is more annoyed than threatened. Should the climbers inadvertently come close to the nest, however, the protective bird would repeatedly dive at the intruders in an attempt to drive them away, a distraction I would not relish.

I continue down the trail, which gradually drops toward the river. The pines yield to communities of deciduous vegetation interspersed with grassy meadows. A whitetail deer stands at the far edge of the narrow meadow the trail is about to enter. Not yet aware of my presence, it continues to browse the succulent new growth of a chokecherry.

Were it not for the meadows and wooded ravines that surround the higher reaches of the pine forest, the Monument could not support as many deer as it does. Deer like a mix of woodland and meadow. The dense cover of shrub thickets, canopied by closely spaced elm, chokecherry, hawthorn, and other trees, offers sanctuary and browse. The nearby meadows provide essential diet supplements of grasses and herbs.

As I move on, the deer dashes away. A cottontail bounds across the trail and overhead, on a long, twisted branch of a burr oak, a fox squirrel scurries upward to safety. A brown thrasher scolds momentarily but soon resumes its complex song. Its music is as various in shading and structure as the many leaf shapes that can be discovered in its habitat.

Before abruptly reversing itself, the trail makes a long swing northward. Leaving the pines, it crosses the maroon sediments that give the Red Beds Trail its name. The exposed formation has been cut into steep cliffs by the river. Deposited some 180 million years ago during the Jurassic Period, when the land surface was low and adjacent to a sea, this mixture of siltstone and sandstone is poorly cemented together. As a result, it weathers easily, forming a striking, ravine-cut outcrop wherever the stratum is exposed. Few plants colonize this handsome formation, making it stand out against the dull, igneous-gray Tower and its dark wreath of ponderosa.

As the sun approaches zenith, I am nearing the end of the trail circuit. Coming back closer to the Tower, the trail re-enters the pine forest. I welcome the perceptibly cooler air and dimmer surroundings beneath these big, yellow-barked trees. Here, where lichen and moss cap boulders and fallen logs, is a good spot for lunch. I sit with my back to the trunk of an ancient, fallen giant whose length has collapsed and defines the contours of the ground. Its exposed, rotten heartwood nourishes miniature fungi-gardens.

Compared to the sharp shadows and glare of the meadows and thickets I have left behind, the evenly shaded pine forest seems serene. Except for a diminutive red-breasted nuthatch that patrols up and down a nearby tree trunk, gleaning grubs and other insects as it goes, there is no perceptible motion. Even the few shafts of sunlight that touch the forest floor here seem, like me, to be intruders. Sound itself seems unwelcome. No birds sing or squabble or dart their colors to catch the eye. If anything walks or hops about, no leaves rustle to reveal its presence. Years of needle-cast shroud the uneven ground, giving the dissimilar shapes of rock and downed trees a sameness of color and texture.

Comparatively few life-forms inhabit the pine forest. Fewer kinds of plants grow beneath the pines than grow in the deciduous woodland. And fewer plant types mean a more limited diet for herbivores such as insects, mice, cottontails, and deer. The scarcity of insects also reduces the number of bird species that will find the habitat attractive.

The relative absence of life on the forest floor begins in the soil. Pines create acid soil conditions which do not promote bacterial growth. Decay, therefore, carried on primarily by fungi, takes place very slowly. The result is the thick accumulation of discarded needles and branches, the resinous, sweet-smelling “duff.”

Not far upslope from the trail a porcupine scuttles toward a stand of young pines. It moves slowly and silently, its quills making it look prehistoric. Again I am struck by the apparent changelessness of the pine forest.

But looking around, I find everywhere signs that indicate change and struggle. At the bases of the giant pines—some of which may be more than 200 years old—are fire scars. Most of the mature trees survived the frequent fires that once raced through here. Their bark was thick and fire-resistant, and they had few lower branches to pass the flames up into the vulnerable upper branches. But that was before the white man interrupted the long reign of wildfire. Ironically, fire had actually helped to maintain the health of the forest. Grass fires, sweeping into the pines, burned off the accumulations of litter and killed many of the crowded younger trees. Tinder was thus removed before it could build to

dangerous levels.

[Washington, D. C.,
January 23, 1901.]

MY DEAR DOYLE,

Your letter of the 16th has just come and as I am waiting at my office (where I seldom go) I shall amuse myself by replying "to onct." See here, I don't purpose that your attack on poor Morrow's book shall become a "continuous performance," nor even an "annual ceremony." It is not "rot." It is not "filthy." It does not "suggest bed-pans,"--at least it did not to me, and I'll wager something that Morrow never thought of them. Observe and consider: If his hero and heroine had been man and wife, the bed-pan would have been there, just the same; yet you would not have thought of it. Every reader would have been touched by the husband's devotion. A physician has to do with many unpleasant things; whom do his ministrations disgust? A trained nurse lives in an atmosphere of bed-pans--to whom is her presence or work suggestive of them? I'm thinking of the heroic Father Damien and his lepers; do you dwell upon the rotting limbs and foul distortions of his unhappy charges? Is not his voluntary martyrdom one of the sanest, cleanest, most elevating memories in all history? Then it is not the bed-pan necessity that disgusts you; it is something else. It is the fact that the hero of the story, being neither physician, articulated nurse, nor certificated husband, nevertheless performed their work. He ministered to the helpless in a natural way without authority from church or college, quite irregular and improper and all that. My noble critic, there speaks in your blood the Untamed Philistine. You were not caught young enough. You came into letters and art with all your beastly conventionalities in full mastery of you. Take a purge. Forget that there are Philistines. Forget that they have put their abominable pantalettes upon the legs of Nature. Forget that their code of morality and manners (it stinks worse than a bed-pan) does not exist in the serene altitude of great art, toward which you have set your toes and into which I want you to climb. I know about this thing. I, too, tried to rise with all that dead weight dragging at my feet. Well, I could not--now I could if I cared to. In my mind I do. It is not freedom of act--not freedom of living, for which I contend, but freedom of thought, of mind, of spirit; the freedom to see in the horrible laws, prejudices, custom, conventionalities of the multitude, something good for them, but of no value to you in your art. In your life and conduct defer to as much of it as you will (you'll find it convenient to defer to a whole lot), but in your mind and art let not the Philistine enter, nor even speak a word through the keyhole. My own chief objection to Morrow's story is (as I apprised him) its unnaturalness. He did not dare to follow the logical course of his narrative. He was too cowardly (or had too keen an eye upon his market

of prudes) to make hero and heroine join in the holy bonds of
_bed_lock, as they naturally, inevitably and rightly would have done
long before she was able to be about. I daresay that, too, would have
seemed to you "filthy," without the parson and his fee. When you
analyze your objection to the story (as I have tried to do for you)
you will find that it all crystallizes into that--the absence of the
parson. I don't envy you your view of the matter, and I really don't
think you greatly enjoy it yourself. I forgot to say: Suppose they had
been two men, two partners in hunting, mining, or exploring, as
frequently occurs. Would the bed-pan suggestion have come to you? Did
it come to you when you read of the slow, but not uniform, starvation
of Greeley's party in the arctic? Of course not. Then it is a matter,
not of bed-pans, but of sex-exposure (unauthorized by the church), of
prudery--of that artificial thing, the "sense of shame," of which the
great Greeks knew nothing; of which the great Japanese know nothing;
of which Art knows nothing. Dear Doctor, do you really put trousers on
your piano-legs? Does your indecent intimacy with your mirror make you
blush?

There, there's the person whom I've been waiting for (I'm to take her
to dinner, and I'm not married to even so much of her as her little
toe) has come; and until you offend again, you are immune from the
switch. May all your brother Philistines have to "Kiss the place to
make it well."

Pan is dead! Long live Bed-Pan!

Yours ever,
AMBROSE BIERCE.

From: Project Gutenberg's *The Letters of Ambrose Bierce*, by Ambrose Bierce

THE TOUGHEST OF TOUGH TOWNS.

From The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Fifty Years a Detective*, by Thomas Furlong

EAST ST. LOUIS IN THE EARLY EIGHTY'S--HOW I HELPED TO REFORM THE
MUNICIPALITY--A SPECTACULAR RAID ON "SURE THING" GAMES AND "BIG MITT"
JOINTS.

Dodge City, Kansas, and Corinne, Utah, have places in history for being
tough towns in their infancy, but take it from me, Mr. Reader, that
neither of these much-advertised burghs, in their palmiest days, were "in
the running" for toughness with East St. Louis during the early '80s.
The average St. Louisan, in those days, was entirely different in his
make-up from the denizens of the cities further west, especially if he
was in politics, his nature being more bloodthirsty than the bandit, or
tough cowboy or buffalo skinner, who made the first named towns famous.

It was a different sort of crookedness in East St. Louis. The little municipality was in the hands of crooks of the lowest degree. There was no crime to which they would not resort to gain a point of advantage over a rival. In other words, any crime was regarded as conventional, just so the man who committed it got the "mazuma." The principal city offices were held by gamblers and "sure-thing" men. The city councilmen were nearly all saloon or dive keepers, while the police department was recognized as the grandest collection of thugs, crooks and "strong-armers" that had ever been assembled together within the borders of one town. The fact that these alleged minions of the law were recognized as suspicious characters by the officers of other cities, and were shadowed whenever found out of their own bailiwick seemed to be regarded as a good point in their favor by those responsible for their being--the mayor and Board of Aldermen. Any crook, big or little, if he had the price for protection, could ply his chosen profession on the main streets of the town without molestation on the part of those sworn to enforce the law. A "peterman" (safe blower) was held in higher esteem over there in those days than a priest, a "porch-climber" regarded as an artist, and the monte and confidence men placed in the same class as are college professors and clergymen in other cities, while the men who received the bribes were all looked upon as good fellows and smart, wide-awake business men.

Neither were the merchants and tradesmen all straight in those days. It has been said of some of them that they would refuse to take money in exchange for their wares when there was any suspicion in their minds that the money had been earned honestly. Crooks of all classes congregated there, because they knew they were safe from arrest. If they were broke on their arrival, after being chased out of another town, they knew there would be no trouble in getting some dive-keeper or proprietor of a fence to "go to the front" for them at police headquarters and square things so they could "go to work." It was everyday talk that aldermen had "big mitt" men and "strong-armers" out working on percentage.

As in all such places, gambling flourished--that is, gambling of the crooked kind. The whirr of the roulette ball and the rattle of the dice in the "bird cage" could be heard on the street, when not drowned out by the voices of the cappers for "the old army game" (chuck-a-luck) or the paddle wheels or sweat board. Nobody had a chance to win, however, except the operators of the games, as they were all crooked.

Many of the merchants openly displayed in their shop windows the tools and devices used by the various "professions." The bully could buy brass knucks with which to knock the block off of his adversary; the hold-up man a sand bag to stun his victim, while he helped himself to his valuables; the card sharper could buy his "strippers" "bug" or "harness," while the safe blower could find any sort of "jimmy" or any quantity of "soup" he desired, or had the money to pay for. Then there

were "fences" where a thief might dispose of anything of value he might "find" on his excursions to the neighboring towns, which were not infrequent. The return of one of these marauding parties from a tour was always followed by an orgy, at which wine flowed freely, and the ill-gotten money tossed about with a lavish hand.

East St. Louis was then a wide-open town, with the accent on the words "wide" and "open."

Finally the good people of the town awoke to their responsibilities, as they always do in cases of this kind. Headed by an ex-mayor, John B. Bowman, editor of a newspaper, a fight was begun on the crooked officials. And it was a fight, a bitter one. A number of aldermen who had been under suspicion of being partially responsible for the bad state of affairs, were beaten for re-election, and an attempt was made to get possession of the city funds in the city treasury, which was in the hands of Thos. J. Canty, gang city clerk, who had usurped the office of treasurer. After much delay, he having resorted to the courts to prevent his being ousted, he was finally ordered to turn over the funds to the treasurer on the morning of May 21, 1884. The night before the date set for the transfer, the vault in the City Hall, in which Canty claimed to have kept the funds, was robbed, an entrance having been effected by digging a hole through the brick wall which enclosed the safe.

A few months before the robbery, Mike Coleman, alias Charlie Clark, a noted "peterman" of that city, had come down to St. Louis from Jefferson City, where he had been doing time for a safe-blowing job in Monroe County, Missouri. I had known Coleman for years and had been instrumental in "settling" him on more than one occasion. He called upon me at my office, which, at that time, was in the Allen Building, Broadway and Market Streets. "I am through with crime, Mr. Furlong," he said, "and I have secured a good job with the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company as a cutter, at a salary which will permit me to take care of my wife and child, and I want to know if you will allow me to live in St. Louis--that is, not tip me off to the St. Louis police, none of whom know me."

I told him I was truly glad to hear of his reformation, and that I would not tell any one of his presence here as long as he continued to work and behave himself. He seemed pleased to hear this, and told me he would not only live straight in the future, but would "put me next" to any one he knew to be crooked should they attempt to do any work in St. Louis. He further voluntarily promised that he would report to me at my office every Saturday afternoon. I then introduced him to my chief clerk, Edward Dawson, and told him to report to Mr. Dawson in case I did not happen to be in the office when he called.

We shook hands and he took his departure. He reported to the office

every Saturday promptly for about three months, at which time I was called south on a train robbery case, and was absent from St. Louis for several weeks. During my absence an epidemic of safe robberies occurred in St. Louis. As many as three "boxes" were opened in a single night. One night the "petermen" would operate in north or south St. Louis, the next night they would be down in the business district, or out in the west end. The work of the gang caused a panic at police headquarters. Chief Harrigan had his men working night and day, and the detective force was augmented by patrolmen in plain clothes, but still the bursting of "boxes" continued nightly. During my absence from the city I was enabled to get the St. Louis papers once in a while. These papers were full of the accounts of the robberies. From the description in the papers of the way the work had been done, I was satisfied that Coleman was either doing the work or directing it. Nearly all of the places robbed had been entered from above. I knew this skylight stunt was one of Coleman's specialties. He never broke a door or forced a window to get to a box. His method was to reach a fire escape and make his way to the roof of a building. He would then descend to the floor on which the safe was located, and after detecting and fixing a side or back door, through which the "get-away" was to be made in case of an interruption on the part of a watchman or officer on the beat, would go to work.

I returned to St. Louis one night, and in discussing the robberies with Mr. Dawson, I learned that Coleman had not reported at the office during my absence. The next morning I called on the foreman of the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company, by whom Coleman had been employed, and who was the only man in St. Louis besides Dawson and myself who knew the ex-convict's record. The foreman told me that Mike had left his position about a month before, without making any explanation. He had simply drawn his week's wages and had failed to show up again. On learning these facts, I was more than ever convinced that Coleman had gone wrong again. I was very busy in my office that day looking after matters that had accumulated during my absence, and did not leave for home until after 5:30 P. M. On my way to the car I passed a doorway, in which was standing a man whom I recognized as Pat Lawler, the best detective on the city force, and with whom I was on very friendly terms. On approaching Lawler I found him to be asleep. After I had awakened him he told me he and his partner and several other men in the department had been on continuous duty for over 36 hours, trying to get a "line" on the men who were "blowing up the town" as he expressed it. He then told me that the men in the department were still at sea, having no clue as to who was doing the work. "I am going to bed and get some rest, at any rate," said Lawler, "and I do not care what 'the big finger' (Chief of Police) says about it."

I then told Lawler I believed I knew who was doing the work, or at least directing it, and told him that if he and his partner would meet me at Twelfth and Olive Streets at 5:30 the next morning I would help them find the man I suspected. After telling me that he and his partner would

be at the rendezvous at the appointed time, Lawler and I parted company.

Coleman, under the alias of Charlie Clark, was living at that time on the second floor of a house fronting on Biddle Street, between Ninth and Tenth Streets. The entrance to this flat was made from the alley in the rear. I knew Coleman's wife, or the woman he claimed to be his wife. She had formerly been the wife of Tom Gosling, a noted crook, who was at that time in the Missouri penitentiary, doing a ten year stretch. Her first name was Annie, and she had a son about 6 or 7 years of age.

Lawler and his partner were at the corner of Twelfth and Olive Streets promptly at 5:30 the next morning, according to appointment. I then told them all about Coleman, and we proceeded to the latter's flat. On reaching the head of the stairway, I knocked at the door. Mrs. Coleman, garbed only in a night robe, came to the door and opened it a few inches. I stuck my foot in the door to keep her from closing it.

"I want to see Charlie," I explained to her.

"He is not here, Mr. Furlong," she replied, after recognizing me and permitting us to enter. "I do not know where he is," she continued. She then told me that Charlie had gone to drinking and had quit his job about a week before, and she did not know where he was or what he was doing. I knew she was not telling me the truth, as Charlie had quit his job at least a month previous, and did not drink at all. In fact, he never had been known to drink to excess. While we were talking I noticed a large-sized picture of Coleman hanging on the wall. This I told the officers to take, and commanded her to dress.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Furlong?" she asked.

"I am going to take you down to police headquarters for lying to me," I replied.

Both she and her boy began to cry and make a scene, but she finally began dressing. While this was going on I heard a slight noise in the front room.

"Who is in there?" I asked, jumping to the door.

"A couple of friends of Charlie's from Hannibal," she replied.

Lawler and I entered this room and found a couple of men in bed. After placing them under arrest we recognized them as a couple of crooks, both of whom were heavily armed. Under the bed was a gunny sack, which, on investigation, we found to contain a safe-blowing outfit, including a sectional jimmy, a pair of "come-a-longs" (tool used to pull the knob or "ears" off of a safe), a new hammer and other tools. These men had evidently returned to the room late and being tired threw the sack under

the bed and went to sleep.

Just as we were about to take our departure from the room with the prisoners a mail carrier arrived with a letter for Mrs. Clark. I took charge of the letter and saw it had been mailed at Springfield, Mo. I handed it to Mrs. Clark and she opened it and read its contents. The letter was from her husband, and stated he was in Springfield, and for her to answer it at once as he was only going to remain in Springfield a couple of days, and he wanted to hear from her before leaving there. We then took our prisoners, including Mrs. Clark, to the Four Courts. Some small pictures of Clark were taken from the large one we had found in his home, and Chief of Detectives Burke, armed with one of these pictures, left at once for Springfield to try and effect his capture. In this Burke was successful, as Clark appeared at the post-office to get his mail and was recognized and placed under arrest. Clark was brought back to St. Louis. He would not talk to the St. Louis officers, although the latter used every art known to them to make the prisoner "cough up." Clark told Chief of Police Harrigan he knew nothing that would do them any good, but that he had some information that was very valuable for me, and asked that I be called. At that time the relations between the chief and myself were some strained, to express it mildly, but the Chief finally sent for me. "This thief has some information for you," said Harrigan to me on my arrival at his office. "I do not believe he is much of a thief, either, as I know all the good ones," continued the chief. After shaking hands with Clark he told me the city officers could not connect him with any of the jobs pulled off here, as he had nothing to do with them, but declined to talk further in the presence of the chief, we being in the latter's office at the time. As Harrigan did not seem inclined to let me interview Clark privately I left, and returned to my office.

Later in the day Clark employed a lawyer, and sent him to me to tell me that if I would get him across the river he would tell me all about that job, meaning the looting of the City Hall vault. I referred Clark's lawyer to Prosecuting Attorney Holder of St. Clair County, Illinois, and later the latter made a demand on the St. Louis police for the possession of Clark. The St. Louis officers, thinking that they might secure at least a part of the reward which had been offered for the apprehension of the men who committed the East St. Louis crime, took Clark over the river, where he was locked up. I then called on him and he told me all about the vault robbery.

According to his story, which was later verified by his two assistants, Clark was employed to do the job by Thos. A. Canty, acting city treasurer, to hide an alleged shortage in Canty's accounts. The latter was, it was claimed \$60,000 short, having lost the money at poker. The money had to be turned over the next day, and Canty could not do it, because he could not raise that amount. Clark had been introduced to Canty by Patrick Eagan, who was at that time running a saloon in East

St. Louis, and was one of the city's aldermen. Eagan was regarded as a friend of crooks of the higher class, such as confidence men, safe blowers and "big mitt" men. Coleman claimed he was told by Canty that ten thousand dollars would be left on the top of the safe, which was the amount he was to receive for doing the work. Coleman was also introduced to Lieutenant Duffy, acting night chief of police of the East St. Louis department, who was to act as lookout while the work was being done. The ten thousand dollars was to be divided equally between Duffy, Eagan and Coleman. A few days before the time set for doing the job Canty became ill and was taken to Hot Springs. This did not interfere with the plans, however, D. J. Canty, according to the testimony, taking his brother's place in making the final arrangements for the entering of the vault. Coleman did the real work, assisted by Eagan, while Duffy, in full uniform, stood guard on the outside. A box, in which was supposed to be \$10,000, was found on top of the safe, as had been promised by Canty. This box was taken by the three men to Duffy's home and its contents poured out on the kitchen table, but instead of \$10,000 there was only \$3,000. This money was divided equally among the three men, after which all went downtown again. It was then about 2:30 A. M. Duffy, not wishing to carry so much money around with him, placed his part in the safe of a saloonkeeper friend, who was also an alderman. The lieutenant in his testimony at the trial of the Cantys, two years afterwards, declared that his \$1,000 decreased to \$700 during the night. In other words, some one had touched the roll for \$300.

I told Prosecuting Attorney Holder and the Citizens' Committee about Coleman's confession, and was employed to secure corroborating evidence, which was done. Eagan and Duffy were arrested, convicted and sentenced to five years each in the penitentiary. They appealed the case, but at the next term of court withdrew their appeals, after a conference with Prosecuting Attorney Holder, and entered pleas of guilty, and received two years each. The Canty brothers were arrested, but notwithstanding the fact that Coleman, Duffy and Eagan testified for the state, and there was much corroborating evidence, the jury failed to agree, standing seven for conviction to five for acquittal. At the time it was alleged that money had been expended very freely to clear the brothers.

Coleman was not prosecuted. He left the city for the west, and the next I heard of him he was conducting a saloon on Geary Street, San Francisco. Later he and Henry Schultz, another noted peterman, formed an alliance and opened a half dozen "boxes" in the country surrounding the Golden Gate metropolis. They were finally settled for one of their jobs by Capt. Leas, of Frisco. Later Coleman was released, but was soon afterwards killed at Houston, Texas, while attempting to rob a bank. He was acting as lookout, while his pals were at work on the vault. The first explosion attracted the attention of the police, who opened fire on Coleman and his death was instantaneous; thus his long career of crime ended.

Chief of Detectives Burke, of the St. Louis Police Department, afterwards claimed the reward for capturing the vault robbers, and I believe secured a part of the money, but he was really not entitled to a cent, as he had done none of the real work on the case.

The next sensation in East St. Louis was the assassination of Ex-Mayor John B. Bowman, which occurred about 6:30 o'clock on the evening of November 20, 1885. The assassin did his work well. It can be described in a sentence--a shot was fired, and the corpse of the leader of the reformers was found lying near the gate leading to his residence, alone with the secret. I was employed by the son of the dead man to try and unravel the mystery, being given complete charge of the case. I had known Bowman for years, and was acquainted with his past life, which had been a very turbulent one. He had always been a fighter, one of the kind who never knew when they were whipped. He settled in East St. Louis in the latter part of the '60s, and acquired a large amount of property. He was one of the few men who recognized the fact that East St. Louis would later become a great industrial center. Because of his large interests he took an active part in municipal affairs, which, of course, brought him in contact with the politicians. Bowman knew all about politics, even what is called the "practical" side of the game, but he was a poor diplomat--one of the kind of men who always called a spade a spade, consequently he was often in trouble with those who opposed him or his plans. He was often deserted by men whom he had practically made politically, because of his radical views on some question at issue. This was the beginning of a bitter war on the person so offending, by Bowman. He never forgave a man who had deserted him or his cause.

On taking charge of the case the day after the diabolical crime had been committed, I was not surprised to learn that several of the dead man's enemies were busy preparing alibis. Another thing that impressed me as a little peculiar was that the police department was making no effort to find the perpetrator of the crime. After considerable hard work by both myself and my men, I succeeded in finding a couple of parties who claimed that they had seen the fatal shot fired. They were Christian A. Schmidt and William Banks. These men were returning from the country, where they had been to secure some tobacco which had been stolen from a freight car and hidden in a hay stack. As they neared the Bowman home they saw a flash from across the street, and saw Bowman fall. They recognized George W. Voice, a member of the police force, as the man who did the shooting. Later some more evidence was obtained, which, it was thought, would corroborate the statements of Schmidt and Banks. This corroborative evidence implicated another police officer named Patrick O'Neil. Voice was arrested at once and taken to Belleville and locked up. Later O'Neil called on Voice at the jail, and he, too, was placed behind the bars, he having been indicted as an accessory that day. These arrests caused a great sensation, not only in St. Clair County, but on the other side of the river as well.

At the preliminary hearing of Voice, Schmidt and Banks went on the stand and told their story in a straightforward manner, and the defendant was returned to jail without bail. The friends of the prisoners then began harrassing the state's witnesses. The cases against the men were continued from time to time until April 3, 1887, when the prosecuting attorney dismissed the charges against the accused because he could not obtain service upon the state's witnesses, they having left the county because of the threats made against them.

The outcome of the case caused great rejoicing among the crooks and plug-uglies in East St. Louis, and they began again to show their hands.

The Wabash Railroad, at that time one of the Missouri Pacific properties, had rather large interests over on the east side of the river. It was a nightly occurrence for our cars to be broken open and looted. It was no trouble for us to locate the thief, or thieves, who did the work, but it was another thing to have them arrested by the officers who were receiving pay for protecting them. My activity in trying to cause the arrest and conviction of these car robbers, and in the other cases mentioned, earned for me the ill will of the police department. While they never attempted to harm me, the police would pick up my men and lock them up on trumped up charges, convict them in the police court, which was of the "kangaroo" type, and put them to work on the streets with a ball and chain attached to prevent them from +running away+. After the police over there had turned a few tricks of this kind, I decided to put a stop to it by "reforming" the police department. To do this I had to shut off the source of revenue from which the officials were being corrupted, for I knew, even at that date in life, that it took bribe money to create such a condition of affairs. The men higher up, in this case, were the proprietors of the gambling houses. They were paying \$1,000 per week for protection. This was a nice little "bit" to be split up by a few aldermen and city officials and the heads of the police department.

I called on Prosecuting Attorney Holder at Belleville, and asked his co-operation in bringing about a change in the state of affairs. I was not very well acquainted with Mr. Holder at that time, but I knew he was honest and a man who would do his duty. After I had entered his office and introduced myself, a dialogue something like this, as I remember it, took place:

"Do you know that the gamblers of East St. Louis are putting up \$1,000 per week for protection?" I asked.

"I have heard they were putting up money," he replied, "but I have no real evidence as to how much."

"Are you and the sheriff getting your part of it?" I continued.

The question had hardly left my lips before I saw the prosecuting attorney was beginning to make arrangements to throw me out of his office. Before he had time to begin the work, however, I explained that I was joking, and we both had a good laugh. Getting down to business again, Mr. Holder told me that he would "go after the gamblers with hammer and tongs" if he had the evidence.

"I will get you that evidence, and pay the expenses out of my own pocket," I replied.

The prosecuting attorney then assured me that the sheriff could be relied upon to do his part. I already knew this, for I had investigated both men's character before I had decided to make the move that I had. The sheriff was called upon, and he, too, promised to aid me in every manner possible. After asking both officials to keep the matter a secret until I had worked out the plans fully, I returned to St. Louis.

I sent a number of my men across the river, and it did not take long to get all the evidence needed. After arranging this evidence, I took it to Prosecuting Attorney Holder and secured the necessary warrants. Sheriff Ropiequet was called over to St. Louis and plans for raiding the houses simultaneously were made. I secured and paid for out of my own pocket an engine and two coaches from the Cairo Short Line Railway, and had them in readiness to take my men and the people we were to arrest from East St. Louis to the county seat at Belleville, after the raid. While there were over thirty open gambling establishments in East St. Louis, I knew I could not raid all of them at one time, so I decided to raid the four largest, the ones whose owners were the most active in bringing about the crooked state of affairs. On the afternoon preceding the raid, I sent four trusted men, all armed, over the big bridge, with instructions to separate on the other side, one going to each of the four houses to be raided. These men were instructed to stay in the houses until the raids were made, to prevent the gamblers from locking their vaults and thus hiding their tools and other evidence. I then hired a big moving van, in which I placed eighteen of my men. Sheriff Ropiequet and I occupied the seat, I doing the driving. We had a number of fishing poles in the wagon to give the outfit the appearance of a fishing party. On reaching the other side I divided the men into four squads, placing a captain in charge of each. The squad I was to lead stayed in the wagon. After giving the other squads time to reach their houses I drove the van to Colonel Claude Cave's famous resort. I handed the lines to the sheriff and ran up the stairs, followed by my men. We gained an entrance without any trouble and found the games running in full blast. The gamblers were taken completely by surprise, but submitted quietly to arrest. The spectators and players were not molested, but many of them became panic-stricken when it dawned upon them that a raid was being made, and sought to make their escape by jumping from the windows to the alley in the rear of the building, many of them actually making their escape in that manner. The gambling paraphernalia was taken down to the

wagon, while the gamblers and their employes were marched to the waiting train. The wagon was then driven to the other houses, which had been raided at the same time by the other squads of my men, and the gambling tools found there hauled to the train. In making the raid every kind of gambling device known to the profession was captured, including faro boxes and layouts, dice, roulette wheels, sweat boards, keno balls and cards, and something like four bushels of poker and faro chips. All of this stuff was burned on the public square in Belleville after the conviction of the gamblers. Most of the men arrested pleaded guilty, and those who did not were convicted and the county was made some \$22,000 richer by the fines.

The raid created a great sensation in East St. Louis. It was the biggest stunt of the kind that had ever been pulled off over there, and I received much praise from the law-loving people of the city for doing the job. As I had anticipated, it ended open bribery in East St. Louis, and later to the ousting of the crooked officials, for at the next election the good people triumphed and succeeded in electing men who would do their duty.

The new Mayor was Col. M. M. Stevens, and as he had the co-operation of an honest Board of Aldermen, it did not take him long to finish the cleaning of the police department I had begun. My men were then enabled to go about their work of arresting car thieves without being interfered with by the police.

If my memory serves me right, Mayor Stevens served six or seven terms, and did much to make East St. Louis the city it is today. But this work was not accomplished without much hard labor on his part and on the part of those who assisted him, for the gamblers and crooks did not give up without a struggle. Mayor Stevens, however, made it as law-abiding a place during his administration as any other city in the country of its size.

No man deserves more credit for the ending of gang rule in East St. Louis at that time, however, than does J. W. Kirk, editor of the Signal. This paper fearlessly exposed all of the gang's methods, and to this fact was really due the awakening of the public conscience over there.

MODERN FREEMASONRY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Secret Societies And Subversive Movements*, by
Nesta H. Webster

In the foregoing portion of this book we have followed the history of Freemasonry in the past and the various interpretations that have been placed on its rites and ceremonies. The question now arises: what is the

role of Freemasonry to-day?

The fundamental error of most writers on this question, whether Masonic or anti-Masonic, is to represent all Freemasons as holding a common belief and animated by a common purpose. Thus on one hand the panegyrics by Freemasons on their Order as a whole, and on the other hand the sweeping condemnations of the Order by the Catholic Church, are equally at fault.

The truth is that Freemasonry in a generic sense is simply a system of binding men together for any given purpose, since it is obvious that allegories and symbols, like the x and y of algebra, can be interpreted in a hundred different manners. Two pillars may be said to represent strength and stability, or man and woman, or light and darkness, or any other two things we please. A triangle may signify the Trinity, or Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, or any other triad. To say that any of these symbols have an absolute meaning is absurd.

The allegories of Freemasonry are equally capable of various interpretations. The building of the Temple of Solomon may signify the progress of any undertaking and Hiram the victim of its opponents. So also with regard to the "secret tradition" of Freemasonry concerning "a loss which has befallen humanity"[658] and its ultimate recovery. Any body of people working for an object may be said to have experienced a loss and to aim at its recovery.

In the same way the whole organization of Freemasonry, the plan of admitting candidates to successive degrees of initiation, of binding them to secrecy by fearful oaths, is one that can be employed for any purpose, social, political, philanthropic, or religious, for promoting that which is good or for disseminating that which is evil. It may be used to defend a throne or to overthrow it, to protect religion or to destroy it, to maintain law and order or to create anarchy.

Now, there was, as we have seen, from the beginning, besides the written charges, an oral tradition in Masonry, after the manner of the Cabala, on which the guidance of the society depended. The true character of any form of Freemasonry is thus not to be judged only by its printed ritual, but by the oral instruction of the initiates and the interpretations placed on the symbols and ritual. Naturally these interpretations vary in different countries and at different periods. Freemasonry is described in its Ritual as "a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." But what code of morality? In studying the history of the Order we shall find that the same code was by no means common to all masonic bodies, nor is it to-day. Some maintain a very high standard of morals; others appear to possess no standard at all. Mr. Waite observes that "the two doctrines of the unity of God and the immortality of the soul constitute 'the philosophy of Freemasonry.'"[659] But these doctrines are by no means essential to

the existence of Freemasonry; the Grand Orient has renounced both, but it still ranks as Freemasonry.

M. Paul Nourrisson is therefore perfectly right in saying: "There are as many Masonries as countries; there is no such thing as universal Masonry." [660] Broadly, however, modern Freemasonry may be divided into two kinds: the variety worked in the British Empire, in America, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, etc., and Grand Orient Masonry, which prevails in Catholic countries and of which the most important centre is the Grand Orient of Paris.

Continental Masonry

The fact that Masonry in Protestant countries is neither revolutionary nor anti-religious is frequently used by Catholic writers to show that Protestantism identifies itself with the aims of Masonry, and by Freemasons to prove that the tyranny of the Church of Rome has driven Masonry into an attitude hostile to Church and State. The point overlooked in both these contentions is the essential difference in the character of the two kinds of Masonry. If the Grand Orient had adhered to the fundamental principle of British Masonry not to concern itself with religion or politics, there is no reason why it should have come into conflict with the Church. But its duplicity on this point is apparent. Thus in one of its earlier manuals it declares, like British Masonry, that it "never interferes with questions of government or of civil and religious legislation, and that whilst making its members participate in the perfecting of all sciences, it positively excepts in the lodges two of the most beautiful, politics and theology, because these two sciences divide men and nations which Masonry constantly tends to unite." [661] But on a further page of the same manual from which this quotation is taken we find it stated that Masonry is simply "the political application of Christianity." [662] Indeed, during the last fifty years the Grand Orient has thrown off the mask and openly declared itself to be political in its aims. In October 1887 the Venerable Bro. Blanc said in a discourse which was printed for the lodges:

You recognise with me, my brothers, the necessity for Freemasonry to become a vast and powerful political and social society having a decisive influence on the resolutions of the Republican government. [663]

And in 1890 the Freemason Fernand Maurice declared "that nothing should happen in France without the hidden action of Freemasonry," and "if the Masons choose to organize, in ten years' time no one in France will be able to move outside us (personne ne bougera plus en France en dehors de nous)." [664]

This is the despotic power which the Grand Orient has established in opposition to both Church and Government.

Moreover, Grand Orient masonry is not only political but subversive in its political aims. Instead of the peaceful trilogy of British masonry, "Brotherly love, relief, and truth," it has throughout adhered to the formula which originated in the Masonic lodges of France and became the war-cry of the Revolution: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." "It is the law of equality," says Ragon, "that has always endeared Masonry to the French," and "as long as equality really exists only in the lodges, Masonry will be preserved in France." [665] The aim of Grand Orient Masonry is thus to bring about universal equality as formulated by Robespierre and Babeuf. In the matter of liberty we read further that as men are all by nature free--the old fallacy of Rousseau and of the Declaration of the Rights of Man--therefore "no one is necessarily subjected to another nor has the right to rule him." [666] The revolutionary expresses the same idea in the phrase that "no man should have a master." Finally, by fraternity Grand Orient Masonry denotes the abolition of all national feeling.

It is to Masonry [Ragon says again] that we owe the affiliation of all classes of society, it alone could bring about this fusion which from its midst has passed into the life of the peoples. It alone could promulgate that humanitarian law of which the rising activity, tending to a great social uniformity, leads to the fusion of races, of different classes, of morals, codes, customs, languages, fashions, money, and measures. Its virtuous propaganda will become the humanitarian law of all consciences. [667]

The policy of the Grand Orient is thus avowedly International Socialism. Indeed in a further passage Ragon plainly indicates this fact:

Every generous reform, every social benefit derives from it, and if these survive it is because Masonry lends them its support. This phenomenon is due only to the power of its organization. The past belongs to it and the future cannot escape from it. By its immense lever of association it alone is able to realize by a productive communion (_ communion génératrice _) that great and beautiful social unity conceived by Jaurez, Saint-Simon, Owen, Fourier. If Masons wish it, the generous conceptions of these philanthropic thinkers will cease to be vain Utopias. [668]

Who are the philanthropic thinkers enumerated here but the men derisively described by Karl Marx as the "Utopian Socialists" of the nineteenth century? Utopian Socialism is thus simply the open and visible expression of Grand Orient Freemasonry. Moreover, these Utopian Socialists were almost without exception Freemasons or members of other secret societies.

The Freemason Clavel confirms the foregoing account by Ragon. Thus, like Ragon, he quotes, the principle expressed in a ritual for the initiation of a Master Mason:

It is expressly forbidden to Masons to discuss amongst themselves, either in the lodge or outside it, religious and political matters, these discussions having usually the effect of creating discord where formerly peace, union, and fraternity reigned. This masonic law admits of no exceptions.[669]

But Clavel also goes on to say:

To efface amongst men the distinctions of colour, rank, creed, opinions, country; to annihilate fanaticism, and ... the scourge of war; in a word, to make of the whole human race one and the same family united by affection, by devotion, by work and knowledge: that, my brother, is the great work which Freemasonry has undertaken, etc.[670]

Up to a point many a British Freemason reading these passages will declare himself completely in accord with the sentiments expressed. Humanitarianism, the obliteration of class distinctions, fraternization between men of all races, conditions, and religious creeds, enter of course largely into the spirit of British Masonry, but form simply the basis on which Masons meet together in the lodges and not a political system to be imposed on the world in general.

British Masonry thus makes no attempt to interfere with the existing social system or form of Government; the essence of its teaching is that each member of the Fraternity should seek to reform himself and not society. In a word, individual regeneration takes the place of the social reorganization advocated by the Grand Orient under the influence of Illuminism. The formula of the "United States of Europe" and of the "Universal Republic" first proclaimed by the Illuminatus, Anacharsis Clootz,[671] has long been the slogan of the French lodges.[672]

In the matter of religion, Grand Orient Masonry has entirely departed from the principle laid down by the British lodges. If the Catholic Church has shown itself hostile to Masonry, it must be remembered that in Catholic countries Masonry has shown itself militantly anti-Catholic. "Freemasonry," one of its modern orators declared, "is the anti-Church, the anti-Catholicism, the Church of Heresy (_la contre Eglise, le contre Catholicisme, l'Eglise de l'Hérésie_)." [673] The _Bulletin_ of the Grand Orient in 1885 officially declared: "We Freemasons must pursue the definite demolition of Catholicism."

But the Grand Orient goes further than this and attacks all forms of religion. Thus, as has been said, those "ancient landmarks" of British

Masonry, belief in the Great Architect of the Universe and in the immortality of the soul, had never formed an integral part of its system, and it was only in 1849 that for the first time "it was distinctly formulated that the basis of Freemasonry is a belief in God and in the immortality of the soul, and the solidarity of Humanity." But in September 1877 the first part of this formula was deleted, all allusions to the Great Architect were omitted, and the statute now reads: "Its basis is absolute liberty of conscience and the solidarity of Humanity." [674] British Freemasonry, which does not admit liberty of conscience in the sense of Atheism, but demands that every Mason should profess belief in some form of religion and which insists that the Volume of the Sacred Law--in England the Bible, in Mohammedan countries the Koran, and so on--should be placed on the table in its lodges, thereupon broke off all relations with the Grand Orient. In March 1878 the following resolution was passed unanimously:

That the Grand Lodge, whilst always anxious to receive in the most fraternal spirit the Brethren of any foreign Grand Lodge whose proceedings are conducted according to the Ancient Landmarks of the Order, of which a belief in T.G.A.O.T.U. is the first and most important, cannot recognize as "true and genuine" Brethren any who have been initiated in lodges which either deny or ignore that belief. [675]

The Grand Orient, says M. Copin Albancelli, not content with renouncing the Great Architect whose glory it had celebrated on every possible occasion and whose praises had been incessantly sung in its lodges, demanded of its initiates that they should declare themselves to be absolutely convinced that the Great Architect was nothing but a myth. [676] More than this, violent anti-religious tirades have been permitted and even applauded in the lodges. Thus in 1902 the Freemason Delpech in his discourse at a masonic banquet uttered these words:

The triumph of the Galilean has lasted twenty centuries; he is dying in his turn. The mysterious voice which once on the mountains of Epirus announced the death of Pan, to-day announces the death of the deceiver God who had promised an era of justice and peace to those who should believe in him. The illusion has lasted very long; the lying God in his turn disappears; he goes to rejoin in the dust of ages the other divinities of India, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, who saw so many deluded creatures throw themselves at the foot of their altars. Freemasons, we are pleased to state that we are not unconcerned with this ruin of false prophets. The Roman Church, founded on the Galilean myth, began to decline rapidly on the day when the masonic association was constituted. From the political point of view Freemasons have often varied. But in all times Freemasonry has stood firm on this principle: war on all superstitions, war on all fanaticism. [677]

How is it possible to reconcile this attitude towards religion in general and Christianity in particular with the fact that the Grand Orient still works the Rose-Croix degree? This degree--which, as we have seen, was first devised (whether in Scotland or in France) to give a Christian meaning to Masonry--was only incorporated into British Freemasonry in 1846 and in our country has retained its original character. Its ritual, centring around a lost word, signifies that the Old Testament dispensation has come to an end with the Crucifixion, and is so strongly Christian that no Jew, Mohammedan, or other non-Christian can be admitted to it. Moreover, since this degree, known as the eighteenth degree, forms in reality the first degree of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, as worked in this country, non-Christians are excluded from the whole of this Rite and can only take the degrees of Royal Arch, Mark Mason, Royal Ark Mariner, and finally Royal Select and Super-Excellent Master. Consequently the thirty-three Masons of the thirty-third degree who compose the Supreme Council which directs the Ancient and Accepted Rite are necessarily professing Christians. Exactly the opposite is the case in France; the Rose-Croix, worked by professing atheists and Jews, can only be parody of Christian mysteries.

Now, it is essential to realize that in France the anti-masonic camp is divided into two parties. Whilst the majority of Catholic writers regard Freemasonry itself as the source of all evil--"the Synagogue of Satan"--more impartial investigators have pronounced the opinion that it is not Freemasonry even of the Grand Orient variety but something concealed behind Freemasonry which constitutes the principal danger. This view is expressed by M. Copin Albancelli, whose book *Le Pouvoir occulte contre la France* is of the utmost importance to an understanding of the masonic danger, for here there can be no question of Catholic prejudice or of imaginary accusations made by a stranger to Masonry. M. Copin Albancelli entered the Grand Orient as an agnostic and has never returned to the bosom of the Church; yet as a Frenchman, a patriot, and a believer in law, morality, and Christian ethics he found himself obliged, after six years' experience in the lodges and after attaining the degree of Rose-Croix, to leave Freemasonry and, further, to denounce it. From what he himself heard and observed M. Copin Albancelli declares the Grand Orient to be anti-patriotic, subversive of all morality and religious belief, and an immense danger to France.

But further than this, M. Copin Albancelli declares the Grand Orient to be a system of deception by which members are enlisted in a cause unknown to themselves; even the initiates of the upper degrees are not all aware of the real aim of the Order or of the power behind it. M. Copin Albancelli thus arrives at the conclusion that there are three Freemasonries one above the other: (i) Blue Masonry (i.e. the three Craft Degrees), in which none of the real secrets are revealed to the members and which serves merely as a sorting-ground for selecting likely subjects; (2) the Upper Degrees, in which most of the members, whilst imagining themselves to have been initiated into the whole secret of the

Order and "bursting with importance" over their imaginary rôle of leaders, are only admitted to a partial knowledge of the goal to which they are tending; and (3) the inner circle, "the true masters," those who conceal themselves behind high-grade Masonry. Admission to this inner circle may be, moreover, not a matter of degrees. "Whilst in the lower Masonries the adepts are obliged to pass through all the degrees of the established hierarchy, the upper and invisible Freemasonry is certainly recruited not only amongst the thirty-three degrees but in all the groups of upper-degree Masonry, and perhaps even in certain exceptional cases outside these." [678] This inner and invisible Freemasonry is to a large extent _international_.

The most illuminating passage in the whole of M. Copin Albancelli's book is where he describes an experience that befell him after he had taken the degree of Rose-Croix. It was then that one of his superiors took him aside and addressed him in the following terms:

"You realize the power which Freemasonry has at its disposal. We can say that we hold France. It is not because of our numbers, since there are only 25,000 Freemasons in this country [this was in 1889]. Nor is it because we are the brains, for you have been able to judge of the intellectual mediocrity of the greater number of these 25,000 Freemasons. We hold France because we are organized and the only people who are organized. But above all, we hold France because we have an aim, this aim is unknown; as it is unknown, no obstacle can be put in its way; and finally, as no obstacle is put up, the way is wide open before us. This is logical, is it not?"

"Absolutely."

"Good. But what would you say of an association which instead of consisting of 25,000 nonentities as in Freemasonry, were composed of, say, only a thousand individuals, but a thousand individuals recruited in the manner that I will tell you."

And the Freemason went on to explain the way in which such individuals were selected, the months and years of observation, of supervision, to which they were subjected, so as to form a body of picked men inside Freemasonry capable of directing its operations.

"You can imagine the power at the command of such an association?"

"An association thus selected would do anything it chose. It could possess the world if it pleased."

Thereupon the higher adept, after asking for a further promise of secrecy, declared:

"Well, in exchange for this promise, Brother Copin, I am authorized to let you know that this association exists and that, further, I am authorized to introduce you into it."[679]

It was then that Monsieur Copin Albancelli understood that the point to which the conversation was leading up was not, as he had at first supposed, an invitation to take the next step in Freemasonry--the thirtieth degree of Knight Kadosch--but to enter through a side-door into an association concealed within Freemasonry and for which the visible organization of the latter served merely as a cover. A very curious resemblance will here be noticed between the method of sounding M. Copin Albancelli and that of the Illuminatus Cato in the matter of Savioli, described in a passage already quoted:

Now that he is a Mason I have ... taken up the general plan of our ☉, and as this pleased him I said that such a thing really existed, whereat he gave me his word that he would enter it.

M. Copin Albancelli, however, did not give his word that he would enter it, but, on the contrary, checked further revelations by declaring that he would leave Freemasonry.

This experience had afforded him a glimpse of "a world existing behind the masonic world, more secret than it, unsuspected by it as by the outside world."[680] Freemasonry, then, "can only be the half-lit antechamber of the real secret society. That is the truth."[681] "There exists then necessarily a permanent directing Power. We cannot see that Power, therefore it is occult."[682]

For some time M. Copin Albancelli concluded this Power to be "the Jewish power," and elaborated the idea in a further work[683]; but the war has led him to develop his theories in yet another book, which will shortly appear.

That the lodges of the Grand Orient are largely controlled by Jews is, however, certain, and that they are centres of political propaganda is equally undeniable. We have only to glance at the following extracts--some of which are reproduced on the opposite page--from the programme of debates in the Bulletin of the Grand Orient for June 5, 1922, to recognize that the ideas they propagate are simply those of International Socialism:

Loge "Union et France": Lecture du Rapport de notre T.:C.:F.: Chardard sur "L'Exploitation des richesses nationales au profit de la collectivité."

Loge "Les Rénovateurs": "Exploitation des Richesses nationales et des grosses Entreprises au profit de la collectivité." Conférence de notre F.: Goldschmidt, Orat.: adjoint sur la même question.

[Illustration: News paper clippings]

Loge "Les Zélés Philanthropes": "La Transformation de la Société Actuelle s'impose-t-elle?" Conférence par le T.: C.: F.: Edmond Cottin.

Loge "Paix-Travail-Solidarité": "Rôle de la Franc-Maçonnerie dans la politique actuelle" par le F.: F.:

Loge "Les Trinitaires": "Le Socialisme Français" par le T.: Ill. F.: Elie May.

Ten.: Collective des L.: "Emmanuel Arago" & "les Coeurs Unis indivisibles": "Comment propager notre Idéal Maçonnique dans le Monde profane." Conférence par le F.: Jahia, de la R.: L.: Isis Monthyon.

Loge "Isis Monthyon et Conscience et Volonté": "La Terreur et le Péril Fasciste en Italie, le Fascisme et la F.:Maç.: Italienne," impressions de notre F.: Mazzini, de retour, après un séjour prolongé en Italie.

It will be seen by the last of these extracts that Grand Orient Masonry is the enemy of Fascismo, which saved Italy in her hour of peril. Indeed, the Italian Masons passed a resolution which was directly opposed to Fascist views, especially with regard to the religious policy of Mussolini, who has restored the crucifix to the schools and religious teaching to the curriculum. The Fascist _Giornale di Roma_ declared that the principles announced by the Masons in this resolution were those which threatened to submerge the State and nation. Consequently Mussolini declared that Fascisti must either leave their lodges or leave Fascismo.[684]

In Belgium Freemasonry has taken the same political and anti-religious course. In 1856 the directing committee of the Belgian Grand Orient declared: "Not only is it the right but the duty of the lodges to supervise the actions in public life of those amongst its members whom it has placed in political posts, the right to demand explanations...."[685] When in 1866 at a funeral ceremony in honour of the deceased King Leopold I the Grand Orient of Belgium displayed the maxim, "The soul which has emanated from God is immortal," the Freemasons of Louvain entered a violent protest on the ground that "Free-thinking had been admitted by the Belgian lodges in 1864 as its fundamental principle," and that the Grand Orient had therefore violated the convictions of its members.[686]

In Spain and Portugal Freemasonry has played not merely a subversive but an actively revolutionary and sanguinary rôle. The anarchist Ferrer,

intimately concerned with a plot to murder the King of Spain, was at the same moment entrusted with negotiations between the Grand Orient of France and the Grand Lodge of Catalonia.[687] These murderous schemes, frustrated in Spain, met, however, in Portugal with complete success. The Portuguese revolutions from 1910 to 1921 were organized under the direction of Freemasonry and the secret society of Carbonarios. The assassination of King Carlos and his elder son had been prepared by the same secret organizations. In 1908 a pamphlet modelled on the libels published against Marie Antoinette was directed against Queen Amélie and her husband. A month later the assassination took place. Amongst the leaders of the new Republic was Magalhaes Lima, Grand Master of the Grand Orient of Portugal.[688]

The authorship of these disorders was, in fact, so clearly recognized that honest Freemasons forsook the lodges. An English Mason, unaware of the true character of Portuguese Freemasonry, when in Lisbon in August 1919, made himself known to several moderate Portuguese Masons, who, while glad to welcome him as a brother, refused to take him to a lodge, declaring that they had severed all connection with Masonry since it had passed under the control of assassins. They also added that the assassination of Señor Paes, the President in December 1918, was the work of certain Portuguese lodges. A special meeting had previously been held in Paris in conjunction with the Grand Orient of France, at which it had been decided that Paes was to be removed. This decision reached, the earliest opportunity of putting it into force was sought--with fatal results. The assassin was imprisoned in the Penitentiary but liberated by the revolution of 1921, and no attempt has been made to recapture him. The murder of Dr. Antonio Granjo in October 1921 was traced to the same agency. In the pocket of the murdered man was found a document from the "Lodge of Liberty and Justice"(!) warning him of the decision taken against him for having ordered the police to protect the British tramway company.[689]

The present Portuguese Government, indeed, makes no secret of its masonic character and prints the square and compass on its bank-notes.

But whilst in Spain and Portugal Freemasonry manifested itself in Anarchist outrages, in the east of Europe the lodges, largely under the control of Jews, followed the line of Marxian Socialism. After the fall of the Bela Kun régime in Hungary a raid on the lodges brought to light documents clearly revealing the fact that the ideas of Socialism had been disseminated by the Freemasons. Thus in the minutes of meetings it was recorded that on November 16, 1906, Dr. Kallos had addressed the Gyor Lodge on Socialist ideals. "The ideal world which we call the masonic world," he declared, "will be also a Socialist world and the religion of Freemasonry is that of Socialism as well." Dr. Kallos then proceeded to acquaint the members with the theories of Marx and Engels, showing that no help was to be found in Utopias, as the interests of the proletarians were in absolute conflict with those of other classes, and

these differences could only be settled by international class warfare. Nevertheless with that fear of the proletariat which has always characterized the democrats of revolutionary Freemasonry, Dr. Kallos declared later that "the social revolution must take place without bloodshed." [690] The Karolyi régime was the direct outcome of these illusions, and as in all revolutions paved the way for the more violent elements.

Still further east in Europe the lodges, though revolutionary, instead of following the International Socialist line of Hungarian Freemasonry, exhibited a political and nationalist character. The Young Turk movement originated in the masonic lodges of Salonica under the direction of the Grand Orient of Italy, which later contributed to the success of Mustapha Kemal. Moreover, as we approach the Near East, cradle of the masonic system, we find the Semitic influence not only of the Jews but of other Semite races directing the lodges. In Turkey, in Egypt, in Syria now, as a thousand years ago, the same secret societies which inspired the Templars have never ceased to exist, and in this mingling of the East and West it is possible that the Grand Orient may draw reinforcement from those sources whence it drew its system and its name.

Amongst the strange survivals of early Eastern sects are the Druses of Lebanon, who might indeed be described as the Freemasons of the East; their outer organization closely resembles that of the Craft Degrees in Western Masonry, yet such is their power of secrecy that few if any Europeans have ever succeeded in discovering the secret doctrines. That their tendency is largely political admits of little doubt; in fact men intimately acquainted with the Near East have declared that the influence they exercise over the politics of that region is as far-reaching as that of the Grand Orient over the affairs of Europe and that they form the breeding-ground of all political ideas and changes. Though small in numbers this mysterious society is composed of past masters in the game of intrigue, who, whilst playing apparently a minor part at political meetings, secret or otherwise, or even remaining completely silent, contrive to influence decisions with startling results.

British Masonry

We shall now consider the further ways in which British Masonry differs from the Grand Orient.

In the first place, whilst working the same degrees, its rituals, formulas, and ceremonies, as also the interpretation it places on words and symbols, are different in many essential points.

Secondly, British Masonry is essentially an honest institution. Whereas in the Grand Orient the initiate is led through a maze of ceremonies towards a goal unknown to him which he may discover too late to be other than he supposed, the British initiate, although admitted by gradual stages to the mysteries of the Craft, knows nevertheless from the beginning the general aim of the Order.

Thirdly, British Masonry is primarily philanthropic and the sums it devotes to charitable purposes are immense. Since the war the three principal masonic charities have collected annually over £300,000.

But the point to be emphasized here is that British Masonry is strictly non-political, not merely in theory but in practice, and that it enforces this principle on every occasion. Thus before the recent General Election, the Report of the Board of General Purposes, drawn up by Grand Lodge on December 5, 1923, recalled to the notice of the Craft that "all subjects of a political nature are strictly excluded from discussion in masonic meetings,' this being in accordance with long-established masonic tradition ... it follows from this that Masonry must not be used for any personal or party purpose in connexion with an election." It further emphasized the distinct caution "that any attempt to bring the Craft into the electioneering arena would be treated as a serious masonic offence."

At the same time a fresh injunction was made with regard to the Grand Orient of France:

As recognition was withdrawn from that body by the United Grand Lodge of England in 1878, ... it is considered necessary to warn all members of our lodges that they cannot visit any lodge under the obedience of a jurisdiction unrecognized by the United Grand Lodge of England; and further that under Rule 150 of the Book of Constitutions, they cannot admit visitors therefrom.

For the reasons given at the beginning of this section British Masonry stands rigidly aloof from all attempts to create an international system of Masonry. The idea was first suggested at the Masonic Congress of Paris in 1889, convened to celebrate the centenary of the first French Revolution, but led to nothing very definite until the Congress of Geneva in September 1902, at which the delegates of thirty-four lodges, Grand Lodges, Grand Orients, and Supreme Councils were present, and a proposal was unanimously adopted "tending towards the creation of an International Bureau for Masonic Affairs," to which twenty Powers, mostly Europeans, gave their adherence. Brother Desmons, of the Grand Orient of France, in an after-dinner speech declared it to have been always "the dream of his life" that "all democracies should meet and understand one another in such a way as one day to form the Universal Republic." [691]

According to the official report of the proceedings, "the representatives of Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, England, Spain, Italy, and Switzerland greeted with much feeling the dawn of this new era." The same Report goes on to observe that--

It is altogether a mistake ... to believe that Freemasonry does not attack the defects of such and such a State, and that consequently it remains a stranger to party-strife and the tendencies of the times.

And again:

Freemasonry has imposed upon itself a task--a mission. It is a question of nothing less than the rebuilding of society on an entirely new basis, which shall be more in accordance with the present conditions of the means of communication, of situation, and production, as well as of a reform of right, of a complete renewal of the principle of existence, especially of the principle of community and of the relations of men among one another.

The Report here quoted is, however, inaccurate in one important particular. No English delegates were present at the Geneva Congress or on any other occasion of the kind. There was a delegate from Adelaide who spoke a good deal, but the Chairman specifically mentioned England as taking no part in the movement. Later on, in a Report of the Board of General Purposes to Grand Lodge on March 2, 1921, a letter from Lord Ampthill, pro Grand Master, appears, declining an invitation from the Swiss Grand Lodge Alpina to British Freemasons to attend an International Masonic Congress in Geneva and quoting the following letter from the Grand Secretary as an earlier precedent for this refusal:

I am directed to state, in reply to the invitation to attend an International Masonic Conference in Switzerland during the coming autumn, that the United Grand Lodge of England will be unable to send representatives on the occasion. It never participates in a Masonic gathering in which are treated as an open question what it has always held to be ancient and essential Landmarks of the Craft, these being an express belief in the Great Architect of the Universe, and an obligatory recognition of the Volume of the Sacred Law. Its refusal to remain in fraternal association with such Sovereign Jurisdictions as have repudiated or made light of these Landmarks has long been upon record, and its resolve in this regard remains unshaken.

Lord Ampthill then went on to say:

A further consequence of certain happenings of the war is to make more firm our resolve to keep, as far as in us lies, Freemasonry

strictly away from participation in politics, either national or international. This attitude of aloofness from necessarily controversial affairs of State, on which Brethren can legitimately and most properly differ, has ever been maintained by our Grand Lodge since it was first convened in 1717. Because of this, it held aloof from such international conferences as were summoned during the war; and never more than now has the necessity for the maintenance of this attitude been felt by British Freemasons.... For these reasons, the invitation to participate in the proposed International Conference of Freemasons at Geneva cannot be accepted. Such an assembly might be termed informal, but inevitably it would be regarded as opening a door to compromise on those things which this Grand Lodge has always held to be essentials. Such a compromise English Freemasonry will never contemplate. On these essentials we take the firm stand we have always done; we cannot detract from full recognition of the Great Architect of the Universe, and we shall continue to forbid the introduction of political discussion into our Lodges.

British Masonry has thus taken a firm stand against the Grand Orient. But it is regrettable that views so admirably expressed should be confined to masonic correspondence and not made more apparent to the world in general. On the Continent, outside masonic circles, the difference between British Masonry and the Grand Orient variety is _not_ sufficiently known, and the reticence of leading British Masons on this subject has not only played into the hands of the intractable anti-Masons, who declare all Masonry to be harmful, but has strengthened the position of the revolutionaries who use Masonry for a subversive purpose. Thus in the Portuguese revolution of 1920 the Masons of that country who were directing the movement sheltered themselves behind the good name of England. "How can you accuse the lodges of being murder clubs," they said to the people, "when Masonry is directed by England and had King Edward for its Grand Master?"

However ludicrous all this may seem to the British public, yet for the honour of our country such accusations should not remain unrefuted. A witness of the disorders that took place in Portugal declared to the present writer that if only Grand Lodge of England would have published a notice in the Continental press disassociating itself from the Grand Orient in general and from Portuguese Freemasonry in particular, the power of the revolutionaries would have been immensely weakened and the anti-British and pro-German propaganda then circulating in the country defeated. But British Freemasonry preferred to maintain an attitude of aloofness, contenting itself with issuing periodical warnings against the Grand Orient privately to the lodges.

This policy has done much to damage not only the good name of England but of British Masonry in the eyes of the outside world, and particularly in those of Roman Catholics, which is the more regrettable

since Freemasonry and the Roman Catholic Church are the only two organized bodies in this country which really exercise discipline over their members and forbid them to belong to subversive secret societies; hence they provide the two strongest bulwarks against the occult forces of revolution. For this reason, as we shall see later, they are the two bodies which are the most feared by the recruiting agents of these societies.

But in the case of Freemasonry the fact is unfortunately too little known to the world in general. As a singularly broad-minded Jesuit has recently expressed it:

The anti-clerical and revolutionary activities of Continental Freemasonry did not begin when the Grand Orient finally abolished God. During a century and more these evil forces had been at work. Nevertheless English Masons only shrugged their shoulders and looked another way, though the true character of foreign Masonry was brought to their notice in such books as that of John Robison, Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe....

No doubt [the same writer says again] there has been at times a deplorable amount of exaggeration among Continental Catholics in attributing all the moral and social evils of the world to the insidious workings of Freemasonry.... But so long as English Freemasons resolutely avert their gaze from the anti-religious and anti-social activities of their Continental brethren there can be no hope of any better understanding.[692]

It is impossible to deny the truth of these strictures. As has already been pointed out in the course of this book, British Freemasons have frequently not only ignored Robison's warning but vilified him as the enemy of Masonry, although he never attacked their Order but only the perverted systems of the Continent; too often also they have exonerated the most dangerous secret societies, notably the Illuminati, because, apparently from a mistaken sense of loyalty, they conceive it their duty to defend any association of a masonic character. This is simply suicidal. British Masonry has no bitterer enemies than the secret societies working for subversion, which, from the Illuminati onwards, have always regarded honest Masonry with contempt and used its doctrines for an ulterior purpose.

It is easy to see how these doctrines may be perverted to an end directly opposed to that which British Masons have in view. Thus, for example, the idea of the brotherhood of man in the sense of love for all humanity is the essence of Christianity--"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another." In adopting "brotherly love" as a part of their sacred trilogy British Masons adopt an entirely Christian standpoint. But if by the brotherhood

of man is meant that men of every race are equally related and that therefore one owes the same duty to foreigners as to one's fellow-countrymen it is obvious that all national feeling must vanish. The British Freemason does not, of course, interpret the theory in this manner; he cannot seriously regard himself as the brother of the Bambute pygmy or the Polynesian cannibal, thus he uses the term merely in a vague and theoretical sense.

What indeed does the word "brother" literally mean? If we consult the dictionary we shall see it defined as "a male born of the same parents; anyone closely united with or resembling one another; associated in common interests, occupation," etc. It is therefore obviously absurd to say that men of such different races as those referred to are brothers; they are not born of the same kind of parents, they are not united in their aims, they do not remotely resemble one another, and they are not associated in common interests and occupations. Though these happen to be extreme cases, there are nevertheless essential differences between men of the same zone and climate. The Englishman and the Frenchman are not brothers because they do not see life from the same point of view, but that is no reason why they should not be close allies.

The brotherhood of man, if taken literally, is therefore a misleading term, nor is such a relationship necessary to the peace of the world. Cain and Abel were not better friends, for being brothers. David and Jonathan, on the other hand, were not brothers but devoted friends. In striving after universal brotherhood in a literal sense, Freemasons are therefore pursuing a chimera.

The most dangerous fallacy to which democracy, under the influence of Illuminized Freemasonry, has succumbed is that peace between nations can be brought about by means of Internationalism, that is to say, by the destruction of national feeling. Yet a man is not more likely to live at peace with his neighbours because he is devoid of natural affection; on the contrary, the good brother, the devoted father, is most likely to become the faithful friend. Permanent peace between nations will probably never be ensured, but the only basis on which such a situation can conceivably be established is the basis of sane Nationalism--an understanding between the patriotic and virile elements in every country which, because they value their own liberties and revere their own traditions, are able to respect those of other nations.

Internationalism is an understanding between the decadent elements in each country--the conscientious objectors, the drawing-room Socialists, the visionaries--who shirk the realities of life and, as the Socialist Karl Kautsky in a description of Idealists has admirably expressed it, "see only differences of opinion and misapprehension where there are actually irreconcilable antagonisms." This is why at times of crisis Idealists are of all men the most dangerous and Pacifists the great promoters of wars. Understanding between nations is wholly desirable, but the destruction of the national spirit everywhere can only lead to

the weakening of all countries where this process takes place and the triumph of the nations who refuse to accept the same principle.

It will perhaps be answered that Freemasons do not believe in the doctrine of brotherhood between all men, but only between Masons of all races. But this may lead no less to national disintegration if it creates a nation within each nation, an international fraternity independent of the countries to which its members belong. The logical outcome of this may be that a man will refuse to fight for his country against his brother Masons--it is what has happened in France. The Grand Orient was before the recent war the great breeding-ground of anti-patriotism, where all schemes for national defence were discouraged. Before 1870 the same thing took place, and it was in the masonic lodges that Germany found her most valuable allies.

In the same way the doctrine of the perfectibility of human nature lends itself to perversion. Nothing could be more desirable than that man should strive after perfection. Did not Christ enjoin His disciples: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect"? Man is therefore acting in accordance with Christian principles in seeking after divine perfection. But when he comes to believe that he has already attained it he makes of himself a god. "If I justify myself," said Job, "mine own mouth shall condemn me; if I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse." And St. John: "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." More than this, if we seek perfection in others we deceive ourselves equally and make gods of men. This is precisely the conclusion at which perverted Freemasonry and the forms of Socialism deriving from it arrive. Human nature, they say, is itself divine; what need then for other divinities? The Catholic Church is consequently quite right in declaring that the doctrine of the perfectibility of human nature leads to the deification of humanity in that it puts humanity in the place of God. The Grand Orient, which definitely accepts this doctrine, has therefore logically erased the name of the Great Architect of the Universe from its ritual and has become an association of Freethinkers and Atheists.

Is it necessary to point out the folly as well as the crime of this delusion--the ludicrous inconsequence of men who divinize humanity yet revile what they call "society"? All the evils of the world, they declare, are not to be found in nature but in "man-made laws," in the institutions of "society." Yet what is society but the outcome of human wills, of human aspirations? Society may be, and no doubt is, in need of reformation, but are not its imperfections the creation of imperfect beings? It is true that to-day the world is in a state of chaos, industrial chaos, political chaos, social chaos, religious chaos. Everywhere men are losing faith in the causes they are supposed to represent; authority questions its own right to govern, democracy is rent with divisions, the ruling classes are abdicating in favour of

unscrupulous demagogues, the ministers of religion barter their faith for popularity.

And what has brought the world to this pass? Humanity! Humanity, that all-wise, all-virtuous abstraction that needs no light from Heaven. Humanity that was to take the place of God! If ever there was a moment in the history of the world when the futility of this pretension should be apparent it is the present moment. All the ills, all the confusion, what are they but the outcome of human error and of human passions? It is not Capitalism that has failed, nor yet Democracy, nor yet even Socialism as a principle, it is not monarchy that has broken down, nor Republicanism, nor again religion; _it is humanity that has broken down_. The ills of Capitalism arise from the egoism of individual capitalists; Socialism has failed because, as Robert Owen discovered, the idle, the quarrelsome, the selfish have prevented its success. If men were perfect, Socialism might succeed, but so might any other system. A perfect capitalist would love his employee as himself, just as a perfect Socialist would be willing to work for the common good. It is the imperfections of human nature that prevent, and will always prevent, any system from being perfect. There will never be a Millennium of man's making. Only the application of Christian principles to human conduct can bring about a better order of things.

Grand Orient Masonry, in deifying human nature, thus not only builds upon the sand, but by its rejection of all religion takes away the sole hope of human progress. Meanwhile, by the support it lends to Socialism it encourages the class war instead of the brotherhood between men of all ranks and conditions which it professes to advocate. British Freemasonry, on the other hand, whilst not interpreting brotherhood in a political sense, nevertheless contributes to social peace. At the annual conference of the Labour Party in 1923 a proposal was made by the extreme section that "any person who is a Free mason should be excluded from any kind of office," it being suggested that "in cases where an understanding has been reached between Trade Union leaders and employers, thus preventing or limiting industrial trouble, the secret has been the bond of Freemasonry." [693] Whether this was the case or not, British Masonry, by taking its stand on patriotism and respect for religion, necessarily tends to unite men of all classes and therefore offers a formidable bulwark against the forces of revolution. Any attacks on British Masonry as at present constituted and directed are therefore absolutely opposed to the interests of the country. But at the same time it behoves Masons to beware of the insidious attempts that are being made by irregular secret societies to infiltrate the Craft and pervert its true principles. The present satisfactory condition of Freemasonry in England is owing not only to its established statutes, but to the character of the men who control it--men who are not, as in eighteenth-century France, mere figureheads, but the real directors of the Order. Should the control ever pass into the wrong hands and the agents of secret societies succeed in capturing a number of the lodges,

this great stabilizing force might become a gigantic engine of destruction. How insidiously these efforts are being made we shall see in the next chapter. [*Secret Societies In England*]

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<https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Immigrant-children-ellis-island.jpg>

Description: *Immigrant children, Ellis Island, New York.*

Date: 1908

Source: Records of the Public Health Service. (90-G-125-29) / US GOV National Archives

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